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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

SANCTIONS are beginning to be effective. This is a reason for pressing on with them. In a cautiously phrased message from its very pro-Italian correspondent in Rome, the *Temps* reports a change of feeling in Italy—a new restlessness, fear of the drift of Mussolini's policy, and growing pessimism. "In certain Italian quarters the question is being asked whether it would not be better to stop simultaneously the application of sanctions and the military operations in Abyssinia, and to start a discussion in a less strained atmosphere?" Coming from this source and reported in the *Temps* that sounds like a "feeler." Everyone is anxious to stop military operations in Abyssinia, but, if discussions are to be seriously opened, Mussolini must also indicate a willingness to withdraw his troops from Abyssinian territory. The way to ensure this is not to hesitate about the oil embargo but to make it clear that it will be applied. Rumania and Russia have both agreed to the ban, the Roosevelt administration is co-operating in limiting supplies from the United States, and the embargo is only held up by the reluctance of M. Laval, who does not want to damage Mussolini, and of Great Britain, which continues to allow the Anglo-Persian Oil Company to supply the Italian troops with oil from Persia. If we allow Mussolini's threats further to postpone the decision, the whole effort of sanctions is likely to fail and Britain's lead at Geneva to be made a laughing-stock. France will follow if Britain leads; the alternative is futility and the final discredit of the League.

Opinion in the United States

It is authoritatively stated from the United States that the postponement of the oil embargo makes no difference to the policy of the Roosevelt administration. The United States is refusing to send war material and is limiting oil exports to Italy not out of deference to the League, but in order to carry out the decision of Congress that America will not be embroiled in a European conflict. Nevertheless, the postponement has had the unfortunate effect of strengthening anti-League and anti-British feeling in the United States. Responsible New York newspapers talk of Europe again "double-crossing" America. This is all the more lamentable because the immediate result of Sir Samuel Hoare's lead at Geneva was a new wave of interest in the League—which, after the Manchurian fiasco, had few backers left in the United States. The British Government cannot wish to play into the hands of the Scripps-Howard and Hearst press which are now united in an anti-European and anti-British campaign. The realisation that the last war was

fought for imperialist reasons reinforces the view that the present policy of sanctions against Italy is only explicable on the same grounds. How strongly United States opinion is moved by the fear that British propaganda will divert American policy may be gathered from the immense circulation across the Atlantic of Walter Millis's book, *Road to War*, which is a brilliantly written account of how the United States came to abandon its isolationist policy in 1917, and which contains a very damaging account of the activities of Colonel House and Ambassador Page. This book is now published in this country (Faber, 15s.). It is even more important for British people than for Americans to read it.

The Japanese Steam Roller

General Doihara's plan for annexing five Chinese provinces was officially repudiated by Tokio last week. But this has not prevented some of the General's colleagues from getting on with the good work. An " autonomous " regime has been proclaimed in the demilitarised zone of East Hopei, and the Japanese have appointed a Chinese henchman of theirs, a Mr. Yin Ju-keng, as its administrator. Japanese troops have already ensconced themselves in Peking and Tientsin, and seized important railway junctions in Northern China. The " independence " movement, they assert, is rapidly spreading among the Chinese. This, no doubt, is a fiction; as Sir Frederick Leith-Ross said the other day, much to Japan's annoyance, there is no evidence of any support among the Chinese for the enslavement of China. The Nanking Government appear to be as angry as they are anxious. They have ordered the arrest of Yin Ju-keng, and there are rumours that Chiang Kai-shek may offer armed resistance to the advance of the Japanese steam roller. Meanwhile, the Japanese diplomats are urging him to make common cause with Japan in the " defence against Communism " and the suppression of the anti-Japanese boycott. The outlook is dark for the Chinese—and not much brighter for any one else.

News from the Front

Reports from the Abyssinian front have taken on a certain liveliness in the last few days. They are, of course, as contradictory as usual. From Addis Ababa comes sensational news of a big Italian retreat—a collapse, some call it—in the south. Asmara and Rome tell a different tale. All these rumours and highly censored messages we have learned to accept with the greatest caution; but one thing at least is certain—the Italians are nowhere near the victory they want. The slowness of their advance, probable as it seemed to most of us from the outset, has been a bitter disappointment to Mussolini. His aim now, especially in view of the serious menace of the sanctions, is to force a decision before the renewal of the rains next spring and the inevitable holding up of operations. It remains to be seen whether Marshal Badoglio can do any better than General de Bono, whom he has replaced. He is reported to have had instructions to make a push. But orders are one thing and ability to carry them out is another. The Italian General Staff, who may be presumed to know rather more than the Duce of military matters, have always been sceptical about this great adventure. Sanctions altogether apart, the odds are heavy against Badoglio celebrating Easter in Addis Ababa.

M. Laval Coquets with Hitler

The communiqué about the friendly spirit that had marked the meeting between Herr Hitler and M. François-Poncet, the French Ambassador in Berlin, was a pretty piece of Lavallian eye-wash. M. Laval's foreign policy has scarcely been a success, and his " surrender to England " on sanctions and the subsequent anti-French outcry in the Italian press have seriously troubled some of his best friends on the Right. In the circumstances, M. Laval had to do something to restore his prestige as Foreign Minister—and what could be more impressive than the prospect of an understanding with Hitler? Actually, the Hitler-Poncet meeting was of no practical importance, but a number of pro-Fascist newspapers tried to make the most of it. Several of them declared that Nazi Germany had returned to the policy of Stresemann—what a triumph for M. Laval! And M. de Brinon, Laval's *homme de confiance*, declared that François-Poncet had told Hitler that " in the eyes of M. Laval the Franco-Soviet pact could never become an instrument of war." This comes dangerously near to assuring Hitler that he need not worry about it. There is little doubt that, although M. Laval is not in a position to give Germany a free hand in the East, he is playing up to those who consider it the best policy for France. It is a policy which is openly advocated by the cruder spirits of the Solidarité Française, and, what is more important, it is tacitly approved by other and more influential persons. For what else can be the meaning of M. de Brinon's articles, in which he constantly stresses the necessity of making friends with Germany, since Germany has solemnly accepted the territorial *status quo* in the West?

M. Laval and the Fascists

M. Laval, in his broadcast address before the opening of Parliament, reiterated his determination to " save the franc." The French bank rate has been raised sharply in the hope of checking the export of gold; but the conditions are such that raising the bank rate may in itself do more harm than good, by exciting apprehension rather than attracting money by the promise of higher interest. A high bank rate is also bound to aggravate other economic difficulties. M. Laval's policy of internal revival by way of public economy has failed; and sooner or later France is almost certain to be driven to some measure of devaluation. But the Laval Government will not be turned out by an adverse vote upon its economic measures; for the Left is still only united in opposition and cannot take office in a financial crisis without an agreed policy. The more serious threat to M. Laval arises out of the Limoges shooting. Despite the demands of the Front Populaire, he refuses altogether to suppress the Croix de Feu and the other Fascist Leagues. But he will certainly be driven to some half-measures designed to enforce their disarmament, at any rate in theory; and some of the Leagues are ready to come to terms with him on this point. If M. Laval produces a plausible half-measure M. Herriot will support him, and his Government will survive; for M. Herriot is as hostile to the Left parties as to the extreme Right, and carries many of the Radicals with him. On the whole the prospect is that the Laval Government will get another respite, and that the Fascist Leagues, nominally disarmed, will in fact carry on much as before—till the next " incident " occurs.

The King and the King-maker

King George II is in the saddle again in Greece, busy about his task of restoring tranquillity to a distracted country. It is a stiff task. The King's own intentions are, no doubt, irreproachable, and his insistence on a large scale amnesty is a good start. But this has already involved him in a clash with his Warwick the king-maker, General Kondylis. General Kondylis is continuing for the present as Prime Minister, and presumably he means to continue well into the future. He is a man with a considerable capacity for adapting himself to circumstances; but it is not easy to see him as the head of a normal democratic Government. His first advice to the King, we are told, was that a strong Cabinet must be formed "capable of enforcing order." That has a somewhat ominous ring; and his amnestied opponents (if they are going to be amnestied) will hardly be reassured by his further statement that there must be a dissolution and another election, "because the present Parliament is not representative." A general election controlled by a "strong Cabinet" with General Kondylis as its chief does not promise an Assembly that will be a very faithful reflection of public opinion.

The Trouble in Brazil

The trouble in Brazil which broke out last Sunday can hardly perhaps be dignified by the name of revolution. But it has taken the form of armed risings in several States (and spectacular street fights in Rio de Janeiro), and has led to the whole country being put under martial law. A number of ringleaders are reported to have been caught; and though fighting is going on in several places, it looks at the time of writing as though the Federal Government and its forces have the upper hand. The cause of the outbreak we do not yet know. But though there is plenty of economic discontent in the country—and ample ground for it—there is no real evidence to support the assertion of the authorities that the "Reds" are the villains of the piece. The revolt began in the army, as these things generally do in South America, and the fact that "extremists" joined in the fray, as some no doubt have done in Brazil, proves nothing very much. It seems probable that the whole affair is another attempt at a military coup.

The Miners and the Government

The miners' leaders have had meetings this week with the T.U.C. General Council and the Secretary of Mines. From the Trade Unions nobody expects to-day the sort of help that was given to the miners in 1926; nor is it easy to see what the General Council can offer beyond sympathy, and perhaps financial aid on a modest scale, in the event of a strike. There should, however, be no strike if the Government handles the situation with a modicum of common sense. Many of the colliery-owners recognise the strength of the claim for some immediate advance in wages; and no one doubts the miners' willingness to compromise, if only they can get some tangible gain now and therewith the promise that the problems of the industry will be seriously tackled in the near future. The question is whether an immediate advance in wages involves a temporary subsidy pending the establishment of selling agencies next year. One suggestion is that the Government should make the industry not a grant but a loan, to be recouped later out of the expected increase in revenue. This, however, will not do by itself; under the existing agreements there are in many of the coalfields large debit balances to be wiped off out of future proceeds before wages can be increased. The cancellation of these absurd debits, and an agreement that they shall not arise in future, must be an essential part of any tolerable settlement. Even so, it is by no means certain that the mere establishment of selling agencies will increase the industry's income, as now calculated to the exclusion of proceeds from by-products, enough to yield a tolerable wage.

The Seamen's Case at Geneva and at Home

In view of recent revelations about the overloading of vessels and the conditions of seamen, more than usual interest attaches to the tussle going on at the I.L.O. Preparatory Conference this week. The purpose of the present Conference is to prepare for an International Convention dealing with seamen's hours and manning scales. The employers' group wants to confine the present Conference to mere preliminary exploration, and to postpone the drafting of a Convention till next year, whereas the seamen want a Convention drafted here and now, for definite submission to the full I.L.O. Conference next year. The British Government appear from the first reports of the proceedings to be taking, as usual, the employers' side; but it is possible that enough support will be forthcoming from the whole body of Government delegates to avoid the proposed delay. That a satisfactory Convention dealing with manning scales is very badly needed the recent inquiries into maritime disasters during the past two years makes abundantly plain. The acute competition for freights caused by the decline in the volume and value of world trade has caused shipowners to look round for all possible economies; and both overloading to a dangerous degree and undermanning are obvious methods of cost-cutting. These are both indefensible perils to life, and by far the best way of checking them is to agree upon an International Convention. The case, both economic and humanitarian, is so strong that one hopes that the I.L.O. may be more successful than usual. But if the proposed Convention is allowed to fail, nothing can release the British Government from its moral responsibility for ensuring that the lives of seamen are properly protected against the twin perils of overloading and undermanning.

Christmas Books Number

Next week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will contain a Christmas Books Supplement. In addition to the usual reviews, the Supplement will include a number of articles designed as a guide among this year's Christmas books for children of all ages. Among other features which we hope to include in next week's issue are an examination of the critical situation in France by Alexander Werth; a remarkable analysis of the recent influence of German heavy industry on Nazi policy; an article by Luigi Pirandello; and a review of Mr. and Mrs. Webb's new book on *Soviet Communism* by Louis Fischer.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

MR. BALDWIN'S FOREIGN POLICY

MR BALDWIN has done it again. Just how astute he has been the public has not yet realised. A few months ago the National Government's stock was obviously low. The Peace Ballot was an unmistakable vote of censure on its foreign policy. Sir John Simon had undermined British credit abroad and Mr. MacDonald's utterances were a heavy liability. Mr. Baldwin substituted himself for Mr. MacDonald, without losing his goodwill or his name to support the idea that the Government was still National. He replaced Sir John Simon at the Foreign Office by a man whose gifts were less brilliant but whose personality inspired that sober confidence which is associated with Mr. Baldwin himself, and which no one associated with the subtle and legalistic mind of Sir John Simon. How far-sighted these changes were we realise to-day, when Mr. MacDonald has been beaten at the polls by a majority of 20,000, and Sir John Simon only just pulled home with 600 to the good. The Government then decided on a " clear lead " at Geneva and called a General Election on the wave of popularity that followed Sir Samuel Hoare's speech, foreseeing that the eventual settlement with Mussolini might lead to criticism which would be better incurred after than before the Election. With popular feeling at last stirred by accounts of Hitler's rearmament, it was good policy to let it be thought that a National Government victory would mean large-scale rearmament here and probably the inclusion of Mr. Churchill in the Cabinet. Mr. Churchill's formidable powers as a rebel were thus safely diverted to the Government's aid, while Mr. Baldwin, fearing that too much rearmament might look like surrender to the extreme Right, reassured the electors at an advanced stage in the campaign that he intended no more than to " fill up the gaps in our defences "—a phrase which could be interpreted in accordance with expediency at a later stage. Triumphantly returned to power with a majority that surpassed anyone's expectations, Mr. Baldwin is in a position to forget Mr. Churchill and to confine the changes in his Cabinet to the dismissal of Lord Londonderry, whose boast about air-bombing has been one of the most penetrating arrows in his opponent's quiver, and the transference of Mr. Thomas from the Dominions Office where he had contrived to give the maximum offence in every Dominion. It is a remarkable record of suave sagacity and tactical prudence.

Back in office with his reputation at the peak and a solid majority behind him, what is Mr. Baldwin to do? Two great foreign problems overshadow all the immediate domestic difficulties. A year ago part of the Cabinet at least were hoping to share the Chinese spoils with the Japanese. Behind Sir John Simon's pro-Japanese policy during the Manchurian dispute there lay the hope in the minds of business men who were very adequately represented in the House of Commons that Japan would fight Russia and repay our friendly encouragement in her piracy in China by a reasonable attitude when it came to dividing the spoils. An F.B.I. mission went out to the Far East and made speeches about renewing the Anglo-Japanese Naval Treaty and improving our trade positions in China. Disillusionment has followed—as this journal has seen it would follow from the beginning of the Japanese adventure. To-day the pro-Japanese party is silenced. In place of talk of friendship with our "old ally" and shrill cries for isolation, we find an ominous silence about Japan's new adventure in China, broken only by a plaintive cry from the isolationist press that the League is now being used for a purpose much less important than stopping the Japanese would have been four years ago! With the knowledge that failure in the Manchurian dispute almost wrecked the credit of the League and that, if Mussolini were as successful as the Japanese generals it would be completely disrupted and leave us with no defence in the case of German aggression, the Government is attempting to try out the Covenant. In September it took the leadership of the League from the French and retrieved the influence on the Continent that Sir John Simon allowed to slip from his fingers. As someone said at Geneva, the attempt to apply sanctions against Italy was but a dress-rehearsal for the real drama that was to come.

All policy to-day turns on the fear of Germany. The figures given by Mr. Churchill about many hundreds of millions recently spent in Germany on rearmament are known broadly to represent the truth. And they are the more alarming in that Germany cannot sustain building at this pace, has transformed many of her peace industries for war preparation and may be moved by the fear of unemployment, if rearmament is slackened, and fear that her tanks and guns and aircraft may be out-of-date in a few years' time. Hence the duality of British policy—championship of the League modified by a stultifying desire not to damage Mussolini too much. Hence Great Britain's acquiescence when M. Laval persists in friendly conversations with Hitler; hence talk of reforming the League to the liking of Germany; hence the British Government's excessive tenderness to the Duce even while it adheres to a sanctionist policy.

The Government's anxiety to conciliate Hitler and rid itself at almost any cost of the incubus of the Abyssinian dispute is as intelligible as it is, in our view, unwise. Paying Danegeld never yet bought security. If there is any way in which support for Hitlerism in Germany can be undermined, it should be adopted. If colonial concessions, if any discussion of frontiers or any effort to make good Sir Samuel Hoare's apparently significant, but so far abortive, hint about the right of every nation to free access to raw materials—if such concessions can be made in such a way as to show the German people that their isolation has been created by Hitler and that there are peaceful ways of regaining that feeling of national independence and power of which they were deprived at Versailles, they should be made. But the simple truth is that the demands for expansion and economic outlets are part of the psychology and of the economic system of Fascism, and they will continue, just as they have continued in Italy, for internal reasons irrespective of any external concessions. The British and French Governments are no doubt aware of this, and in their fear are therefore tempted to look to the desperate expedient of trying to win security in the West by hints to Hitler that they do not really intend to oppose his Eastern ambitions. Thus M. Laval has been trying, we do not yet know how successfully, to assure Hitler that the Franco-Russian pact is not to be taken seriously, while rumours go about

that there is to be a reform of the Covenant which involves jettisoning articles X. and XVI., so that the League would, in fact, become, if Germany would return to it, a Four Power pact of security in the West with the implication that Germany would be at liberty to advance towards the East. This would be a realisation of Hitler's own programme of action outlined in *Mein Kampf* brought about not by any anti-Soviet feeling here but by fear of Germany's power. It would give Germany complete dominance over central and south-eastern Europe, and would make war inevitable. And it is shutting our eyes to realities to imagine that a war which involved Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia and Russia would not involve Great Britain and everyone else.

Similarly, it is a mistake to believe in the Italo-Abyssinian dispute that peace can be preserved by a patched-up settlement acceptable, as Sir Samuel Hoare puts it, to Italy, Abyssinia and the League. Such a settlement is obviously impossible. If Abyssinian integrity is preserved, Italy will not be satisfied. If it is destroyed, the League's credit goes too. It is a delusion to hope that Mussolini will be a friendly and loyal member of the League if, after considerable pressure, he consents to something which he can still claim as a victory in Abyssinia and which no-one will regard as a victory for the League. At the moment everything depends on oil. The postponement of the oil embargo has conveyed the worst impression; an impression which is devastating to our credit in America and which M. Laval exploits to the full on the Continent—he always comes in with the British Government when it makes up its mind—and an impression which is strengthened by articles which appear in influential Government papers. Thus "Scrutator" in the *Sunday Times* explained that it would be as bad for Abyssinia to win as for Italy to win, and that the right policy was to scrap the coercive clause of the Covenant and to keep the peace by a regional alliance of Mediterranean Powers. This is indeed to let a very black cat out of the bag. Is Great Britain really afraid of upsetting Mussolini and making the blacks "uppish"? If this represents anything but an isolated opinion it certainly explains much that has been dubious and stultifying in British policy.

What then, it may be asked, should we regard as a hopeful and sane policy? The outlines of the foreign policy we would advocate, though we do not necessarily agree with all the details, have been given by "Vigilantes" in a pamphlet which we published on Abyssinia. The hope of buying off Germany with sops is condemned to failure as paying the blackmailer always is. Neither do we propose to accept war with Germany as inevitable and to arm to the skies against her. The sane policy is to press economic sanctions to a conclusion against Mussolini, so that not Abyssinia or the League of Nations, but Italian Fascism, is the loser from this war. It should then be the Government's policy to reform the League not by removing its teeth but by building within it a group of closely co-operating states who should reciprocally support each other's economic position as well as guarantee each other's frontiers. It is only if membership of the League of Nations means both security and prosperity for its members that Germany can ever be induced to think it worth while to return to the League and to seek peaceful methods of remedying her grievances against the world.

AUSTRIA FACING BOTH WAYS

THE position in Austria has become more distractingly complicated than ever, since the anti-sanctions declaration at Geneva on October 9th, and the Cabinet reshuffle in the following week. In the middle of October the rivalry between Starhemberg and Fey developed into something like open warfare; Fey only surrendered, after a day or so in virtual arrest, when he was forced to admit that he had been outmanoeuvred. With Fey were dismissed the other pro-German Ministers, and Papen's intrigues received another setback. These intrigues had been rather many and rash than at any time very successful; the German Minister's advances to Dr. Funder, the editor of the Clerical and semi-official *Reichspost*, in the course of which he gaily left his car flying its swastika flag in the street outside the *Reichspost* office, were the talk of Vienna not long ago.

I have heard the Cabinet reshuffle described as a Starhemberg-Clerical defeat of the Heimwehr. Some people believe that the much-heralded unification of the Defence Formations—should it ever materialise—will spell a Heimwehr success. More astute observers, if they expect anything, expect half-way conscription, i.e., that the Heimwehr, Sturmscharen, and the rest, will be dissolved or drafted into the regular army—a development along German lines. Two changes can be definitely observed. There is no doubt that Starhemberg's personal power is greater. There is no doubt that the Clerical newcomers in the Government are making a fresh attempt to conciliate the workers.

Prince Starhemberg is rightly described as a real *condottiere*, a riotous liver, a notorious philanderer, with, however, personal courage and a good nose for key positions. He has now captured for himself the Ministry of the Interior, which controls the whole police force and the Defence Formations. Dr. Draxler, whom he has appointed as Minister of Finance, has remained the President of the Credit-Institut; up to the present he was also legal adviser to Starhemberg's friend, Herr Mandl, the Hirtenberg arms manufacturer. Along with these appointments Starhemberg, who seems to have dropped out-and-out Fascist talk, has promoted his protégé Znidaritch to co-operate as Under-Secretary with the new Minister of Labour, Professor Dobretsberger. This young Clerical, the youngest of an extremely young Cabinet, has been entrusted by Schuschnigg with the management of a more conciliatory labour policy. This seems chiefly to consist in repeating that the social rights of the workers have never been infringed—which is true on paper—and in reintroducing autonomy in social insurance, so as to lift the odium for last summer's reductions from the Government's shoulders. The official line is, "You shall be socially protected if you make no political demands," and steps are being discussed by which unpaid overtime, a notorious abuse, shall be reported without the victim's dismissal. The Government is not necessarily insincere, but since it will obviously disqualify frankly Red candidates for election as workers' delegates in Trade Union affairs, and since it is afraid to let the Socialists out of camps and prisons, it cannot be considered to be offering very much.

Socialist counsels are divided as to how to respond. There are some who say: Accept all offers and capture all organisations that one can. Others are in favour of accepting nothing until demands, which have already reached the Chancellor through a delegation connected with the official United Trade Union, are satisfied. These demands include complete autonomy in all labour organisation with free nomination and secret voting, the release of Socialist prisoners and the restoration of the property of the various Socialist corporations. The Dobretsberger offensive is taken more seriously than Dr. Winter's earlier attempt at conciliation. As for the morale of the workers as a whole, it is impossible to form an unchallengeable opinion. Some people point to signs of a weakening of resistance, which the passage of time and the increase of poverty would lead one to expect. Others are elated by instances of co-operation between Socialist, Clerical and

Heimwehr factory hands. The searching of a large number of tramwaymen's homes last week resulted in a gratifyingly small number of arrests; I am assured that the man in whose house the suspicious list of figures (standing for names) was discovered, has, contrary to some accounts, escaped abroad.

The Socialists are running an energetic pro-League and Sanctions campaign; they would like to achieve some conspicuous gesture like stopping a train loaded with goods for Italy. As a matter of fact, while Austria has obviously done magnificent business with Italy in the last few months before the actual attack on Abyssinia, it is unlikely that she will play so nefarious a part as some people may have hoped now that the war is in full swing. For one thing, she is making a great show of sticking to treaty obligations, according to which she may not export arms nor impede transit traffic between former allied countries. Italy, as it happens, does not need to import arms, and Austrian factories, which seem busy, it is true, are engaged in equipping the new Austrian army. Thus Mandl's position is not as interesting as people have supposed, though he has his concerns on the Italian side of the frontier. Italy is already defaulting on imports from Austria; it is said she will sell her shares in Austrian concerns in order to acquire more foreign exchange, but this may be a slow and difficult process. The fear that Austria may become a depot for goods intended for Italy is met by the fact that Austrians importing for this purpose would require extra supplies of foreign exchange from the National Bank. Even if the National Bank were willing to supply them it would be exceedingly difficult to conceal all this. To that extent, and to that extent only, the attempts of the Austrian Government to explain away their behaviour at Geneva can be justified.

The remarkably successful tourist season this summer robbed the Austrian Nazis of some of their followers; there were shop people and innkeepers in Tyrol and Salzburg who were heard to say they had nothing to complain of! Starhemberg's Italophil policy has, however, cancelled the summer out, though Nazi organisation seems to be crippled out of action. The first demand of the Nazis here is still a "free" election, for they are incredibly naive; nothing would ever convince them that a "free" election in Austria to-day would be about as unfree as the plebiscite in the Saar. Nor will they ever believe that the *Anschluss* would soon be followed by *Gleichschaltung*, which many of them declare they do not desire. For the present the best hope of the Nazis is Starhemberg's opportunism, which appears to be complete. For Starhemberg and many of the Heimwehr are almost as anti-Clerical as the Nazis, and might at any time turn against the Schuschnigg group of Ministers, especially if they seem to be giving too much to the Socialists. Or if Italy becomes very weak, Starhemberg will be perfectly capable of throwing her over and coming to terms with Hitler. The tremendous Italian fortifications all along the Austrian frontier would seem to indicate that Mussolini has not forgotten this possibility.

In general life goes on in its Austrian way. Professional men well known to be oppositional get along quite well without belonging to the Patriotic Front and, compared with Germany, people seem to talk almost freely. The press, on the other hand, is monotonously official, and I heard the other day of a paper which was fined and forbidden for some days because it had published a technical article which referred to the fact that taxation in Austria is particularly heavy. I have heard of cases of employees who were never organised until now, and employers complain that they are just as much restricted by the Blacks (Clericals) as once by the Reds. It is lamentable that the Socialist housing crusade has come to a standstill; it could in no case have gone on at the old rate, but people observe rather bitterly that it seems possible to build large numbers of churches. It is lamentable, too, to observe many signs of reaction in education through Clerical influence; in obscure little ways it is becoming more difficult for a child to climb from elementary to secondary school. The fate of those who have been unemployed so long that they receive nothing more is one of the most terrible things in Austria; these people because they already cost nothing are seldom employed on public works, but one hears that episcopal protests have been made on this point. Lastly, the fate of the Austrian Jews should not be forgotten, though it is far less terrible than that of their brothers in Germany. They are allowed to take part in commerce and are seldom turned out of other positions, but promotion never seems to come their way, and while there is no rough treatment, it is clear that for young Jews no future exists here. In pre-war Austria, to which even postmen's caps have reverted, there was certainly more prospect for a Jew than to-day.

Vienna. November 16th, 1935.

OPEN REPLY TO GERALD GOULD

DEAR GERALD,—Thank you for your letter, which, I know, is kindly intended; indeed, I am proud that you should think me worthy of so much attention. But, to be quite frank, I am growing a little tired of these patronising lectures from friendly Socialists. I had a very heavy one from J. B. Priestley about *Holy Deadlock* ("a crusader with a pop-gun—worrying about trifles"—e.g. such "trifles" as the institutions of Marriage and the Family, and the relations of Church and State), and a nice little one from "Critic" the other day. This reply, then, is intended for all of them, and you will, I hope, forgive me if some of it seems to you inapplicable and ungrateful.

They always take the same form as yours: I am a good chap, but it is a pity that I don't do something about the "things that matter."

Now, first, this continual assertion that only the Socialists know "what matters," and that, without Socialism, all other benevolent activities are vain, is to me the most irritating, and to your cause, I believe, the most damaging item in the whole bag of tricks. What it comes down to is this: "Until we get Socialism it is a waste of a good man's time to seek the reform, for example, of the Marriage Laws." Which is manifestly nonsense; for it would mean that all men of good-will are to sit twiddling their thumbs until Socialism comes.

As applied to my unimportant self, it is imbecile. The accusation always has two parts: (1) the suggestion that I am a sort of cheery half-wit who had much better leave serious politics alone; and (2) a complaint that I do not range like an eagle over the whole field of political and economic affairs. They cannot both be sound.

The first may be nearer to the truth. I know my own limitations even better than you do. I am no good at economics, finance, banking, currency, and so forth: I could no more conduct a detailed argument under these heads than I could fly, and I shall not be so foolish or impertinent as to try. But does that mean that I must remain mute until Socialism arrives and solves all problems with one tremendous gesture? I have always taken the view that it is better for a person of my limited capacities to try to get a few small things done than to vapour vainly about the woes of the world. There are quite enough people talking about trade, employment, the banks, etc., and there are far too many people talking about Foreign Affairs. But there are very few who have made *Home Affairs* a special constructive study, as I have; and, unless you are going to call Mr. Eden narrow and superficial for specialising in Foreign Affairs, you, and J. B. Priestley, and THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, owe me an apology.

Indeed, you owe me several. I hope you do not rate my knowledge and imagination so low as to suppose that a single thought in your interesting letter was new to me. I am as well aware as you of the horrible problems of poverty. I know, too, that there is nothing easier than to make a reputation by continually crying aloud that there are too many poor. (It takes some courage to concentrate on Divorce, Licensing and Betting Reform, because one is at once accused of thinking of nothing but adultery, drinking and gambling.) But if I tell

you that, though I am humanly drawn towards Labour, I am intellectually repelled by the facile assumptions of Socialism (and instinctively dislike the intolerance of many Socialists) you will reply (as you hint, not very darkly, in your letter) that in truth I am merely comfortable or complacent and thinking only of my own interests. It then becomes impossible to argue, and I shall not waste my time upon the attempt.

It remains only to ask you and your like to consider a little more fairly the limited but positive contribution which I offer to the public counsels. It was really very cheap and superficial of you to dismiss my long campaign about divorce reform with the remark that "*after all, the majority of people do not want to get divorced.*" Goodness! and this is a deep-thinking, high-principled Socialist! It would be as sensible for me to say that, as the "distressed areas" hold only a small proportion of the population, they are not worth bothering about.

You say, in a lofty way, that Socialism would be interested in the *cost* of divorce to the poor; you might have added that in my Address I denounced the cost of litigation and made a special reference to the divorce problems of the poor. Do you know a single Socialist candidate who so much as mentioned the matter?

It is the same with Licensing and Betting. You betray your ignorance not only of me but of the problems by suggesting that my only interest in them is the increase of facilities for drinking and betting. You, who profess to have read my Election Address, must know that this is unfair and untrue. There are much deeper matters here, which I have studied and you have not. I do not blame you for that; but when you lecture me about them (however kindly) I am bound to say that, again, it is you who are superficial.

Would it not have been fair, too, Gerald, before saying what you did about the miners, to record what I said in my Address about the mines?

"Critic," who has been very kind to me in the past now seems wrongly to imagine that I want to deprive shop-assistants of the benefits of the Shop Hours Act. Perhaps he is confusing me with the Mayor of Deal—although the charge would not, I think, be fairly made against *him*. What I have said most strongly is that it is not a good thing to send disguised policemen as *agents provocateurs* into theatre-bars and one-man-paper-shops, in order to detect the selling of matches or tobacco, etc., after the statutory hours (even if such restrictions are necessary for the shop-assistants' benefit, which I doubt) *because the remedy is worse than the disease.*

If you good NEW STATESMAN people were not too superior to read *Punch* you would not make these fundamental errors, and you would know more about life. Mr. David Garnett, in a very kind notice of a book of mine the other day, said that he had not seen the "Word War" in *Punch* (which he never read) but wished that he had. I wish that, too, for his criticism would have helped immensely. But what a confession! What journalism! A weekly contributor to one great weekly has not even glanced at another and a very much greater weekly for seven solid months! I confess that I read THE NEW STATESMAN with interest, pleasure and instruction every week, though I do not always agree with it; and I shall continue to do so, whatever it says about me. And you and your Socialists will never capture the middle classes until you, too, try to understand the other fellow.

I find your last paragraph especially lacking in understanding. You say:—

> It seems impossible, but the public taste in literature is very odd. . . . it might cease to love your too-lovable Topsies. . . . ? And what would poor Haddock do then? "

Look at my Address again: you will see that this possibility is gravely contemplated even there:—

> I am a worker in a precarious trade and know all that can be said against Capitalism, the insecurity, the fear of the future and of old age, the strange inequality of rewards. . . ."

It would have been more generous, Gerald, as a fellow-writer, to acknowledge that, at least, I am taking a serious risk with my professional career by turning aside from the pleasant paths of books and plays and offering my, maybe, meagre contribution to public life; that, at least, I am using some part of my poor powers for other purposes than my own enrichment. Mr. Priestley, for example, could, perhaps, afford it; I doubt if I can.

However, many thanks, and all good wishes—my thanks, too, to all the supporters of Mr. Stocks who gave me their second preferences.

A. P. HERBERT

P.S.—Please tell your nice Editor that I cannot continue this correspondence.

A LONDON DIARY

To become a national hero in France to-day it is not even necessary to be murdered, like Horst Wessel, by a rival pimp. The latest national—or rather nationalist—hero in France is M. Bonneville de Maragny. This nobleman had heard that M. Frot, who was Minister of the Interior when some shooting took place in February, 1934, was going to speak at a public meeting at Auxerre on Sunday. He thereupon went to the local slaughterhouse, filled a pail with blood, and went off to the meeting, where he flung the contents of the pail at the "Assassin" as soon as he arrived. Poor M. Frot! So unwilling an assassin and so unhappy at the Ministry of the Interior! When the police fired at the frantic crowd who were trying for hours to break through the cordon on the Concorde Bridge, and invade the Chamber of Deputies, they acted simply in self-defence, regardless of the desires of M. Frot, who stayed all evenings in his office in a state of great bewilderment. Nevertheless, the Fascists have branded him assassin, and assassin he remains, while M. Bonneville de Maragny has made him a hero with the pro-Fascist press. The *Jour*, proud of its "scoop," even succeeded in securing an interview from the gentleman. After telling at great length, in the best William Tell style, how he had waited for his victim, he continued:

> Shortly afterwards a powerful car drove up. When the door opened M. Boully and his friends ran towards it. I did the same, except that I ran a little faster than they did. When I was two yards away, I aimed carefully, and then flung the contents of the pail at the ex-Minister's face, crying 'Assassin!' *Le fusilleur* was dripping with blood. It streamed down his cheeks, down his beard, down his collar and coat.

Another half-column of sadistic gloating described the rest of the heroic exploit—which, unfortunately, seems to please a great number of people, *dans le plus spirituel pays du monde.*

* * *

Reading the correspondence in the *Times* between Sir William Beveridge, the Director of the London School of Economics, and Sir Ernest Graham-Little, once again M.P. for London University, I remembered Sir Ernest's outrageous attack on academic liberty last year and the comment of Mr. Keynes in this journal that Sir Ernest was obviously unfit to represent a University in Parliament. On the question of the Bloomsbury site now under discussion, Sir William Beveridge, who speaks from all the knowledge he had as Vice-Chancellor during the crucial period, clearly justifies the charge that Sir Ernest did oppose its acquisition and has since denied it for electoral reasons. But a question of wider public interest arises from this controversy. In the course of some offensive personal remarks about Sir William Beveridge, Sir Ernest states that he (Sir William) voted for the Labour candidate. How did he know that? The answer is simple: the ballot in the University constituencies is not secret. Every ballot paper contains on its face the signature of the elector as well as that of a witness. The witness need not see how the elector votes, but anybody at the count can see it, and candidates and party agents can, and I believe do, use the opportunity to compile registers of their supporters and opponents. Obviously the whole system is objectionable in

principle, and it may lend itself easily to abuse in practice, as Sir Ernest Graham-Little's behaviour has shown. It may be argued that persons of high academic position normally adopt a more decent standard of reticence in public controversy, and that anyhow it does not hurt Sir William Beveridge for the world to know that he did not vote for Sir Ernest Graham-Little. That may be true. But there are many University electors who do not desire, for good and sufficient reasons, to have it proclaimed—or even known—how they have voted. Indeed, their careers might be seriously injured by the animosity of the M.P. representing their University. The University vote is an anomaly in our democratic system. If it is to be maintained, the anomaly ought at least to be prevented from being a scandal.

* * *

A remark by Mr. Alistair Cooke in a wireless discussion of the *March of Time* film throws light on a puzzling and disturbing question. As it stands the French section of this film is blatant and powerful Fascist propaganda. It shows the Croix de Feu as a band of heroes bringing order out of chaos without giving any indication of Colonel de la Rocque's intentions or methods. Mr. Alistair Cooke reveals that "the scene showing where Colonel de la Rocque gets his money from has been censored in this country." He adds that this is "a serious act." It is indeed. If the watching public had known this body was supported by big business—particularly, I am told, by Schneider-Creusot, the great armament firm—something would certainly have been done to adjust the balance. Why was this censored? I hope Mr. Cooke's revelation will lead to a strong protest and that there is a full investigation into the habits of the censors who have a grave responsibility towards the British public.

* * *

With all this talk going on about "reform" of the League, it is worth while noticing that Mr. W. S. Morrison, K.C., who has now been promoted to the "threshold of the Cabinet," made a speech on the subject in the House on October 23rd, which was favourably commented on by the *Times*. He spoke of the League of Nations being an overcrowded club, thought that the universal conception of the League was a mistake and that we should have continental Leagues and "simplification by some sort of regional splitting-up of the League." I am not surprised that people want to reform the League, but I wish that they would come down to brass tacks and not sound as if what they really meant was a Four-Power pact instead of the League with a free hand for Hitler anywhere but on the Rhine.

* * *

Last week I referred to employers who brought influence to bear on their employees at the election. I now have in front of me an "open letter" sent to all the employees of the firm from the managing director of Blakeborough and Sons, Ltd., Brighouse, in Yorkshire. Here are some extracts:

> I have no "axe to grind" in being associated with any political party, beyond which all of you share in, and that is the advantages that accrue to Woodhouse Works. . . . I also told you four years ago that in my opinion Protection would bring more trade to our Works. This prophecy has proved correct. . . . Given a continuance of settled conditions I confidently expect a further increase in the number of men employed will take place . . . However good the intentions of the Socialists may be, confidence in the future would disappear if they were returned to power. . . . One other point—in regard to Rearmament—whilst every right-thinking person deplores the necessity of having to maintain armed forces. . . . Our only sane course is to equip ourselves in such a way that no one will venture to pick a quarrel with us. Don't forget also that fully 80 per cent. of the cost of a battleship goes in wages, and we shall get our share of the work.
>
> Think carefully, therefore, before you vote. Talk it over with the "missus" if you are a married man, before you decide, and if you are single talk it over with your own people at home. They don't want short time, I'll warrant, and the best way to avoid this is to vote for the National Candidate.

Nothing high falutin' about principles or the good of the country here. Hands up! Your vote or your bread and butter!

The National Week and Congress of Peace and Friendship with the U.S.S.R. is an enterprising idea. That it is not a "left wing stunt" is proved by the fact that Mr. Robert Boothby, M.P., is taking the Chair at the first session and Lord Allen moving the Resolution at the first session. Sidney Webb and Professor Blackett are among the many interesting speakers. The Congress is supported by a host of well-known names representing various shades of opinion. It has good Co-operative, Church, and Labour support and there are to be films and concerts in addition to lectures. It opens at the Friends' House in Euston Road on December 7th, and people who are interested are invited to write to the Secretary at 35 Great James Street, London, W.C.1.

* * *

Mr. Baldwin, I am told, refused Lady Londonderry's offer to hold her usual reception because, having got rid of Lord Londonderry, he would be embarrassed if he stood at the top of the stairs and had to hear every other guest saying: "Sorry, Charlie, to see that S. B. has kicked you out." According to the *Daily Mirror* the incident has a more serious side. Indeed it seems as if the cancellation of the reception threatened a serious setback to economic recovery. The research department of the *Daily Mirror* has been interviewing prostrate Court dressmakers and has learned that the loss to these worthy producers will not be less than £50,000, whilst £100,000 would be a low estimate of the direct loss if account is taken of shoemakers, florists, restaurants, hairdressers, beauty specialists, motor hire firms, jewellers and night clubs. The paper has spared its readers a harrowing analysis of the indirect repercussions, but obviously pearl divers in the Southern Seas, silk cocoon tenders in remotest Asia and trappers in the Arctic wastes will feel the backwash of this catastrophe. And all because one man wanted to drop a few bombs!

* * *

The *Times* account of the Chinese Exhibition was shorter than its description of the clothes worn at the Private View.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mrs. George Kamm.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Capt. FitzRoy, however, has one qualification which, I believe, has not been possessed by even the most distinguished of his predecessors. He is said to be the best judge in the country of short-horn cattle.

This judicial ability was rightly remarked upon by Sir George Courthope when he proposed Capt. FitzRoy for the Speakership at the beginning of the last Parliament.—*Daily Telegraph.*

The county councils have, I believe, laid down that the land belongs to the landlord, not the Lord. But what of God's own sky? Is not it the Lord's alone and not the landlord's? The penetration of steel and concrete into our heaven is surely civil war—a crime greater than any Italian penetration into Abyssinia.—Sir Edwin Lutyens, reported in *Liverpool Daily Post.*

Lady Kindersley, who is an authority on Christmas crackers, of which she keeps two rooms full at her house. . . .—*Times.*

In thankfulness for having escaped the heavy loss which we should all have incurred if the Socialists had won, ought we not give generous donations to the various religious and philanthropic societies, many of which greatly need help in their work for the glory of God and the welfare of mankind?—Letter in *Morning Post.*

I am surprised this year to see special displays of Christmas presents for dogs in some of the large shops. The most popular gift for Towser is a long Christmas stocking filled with varieties of little dog biscuits with a small red ball at the foot.—*Star.*

As a result the Right and Left Wing supporters of the Government are bridged by a very wide gulf.—*Sheffield Telegraph.*

SOME NOTES ON THE GENERAL ELECTION

1. Every commentator on the election has emphasised the disproportion between the size of the Government's majority and its small plurality over the number of votes cast for its opponents. That salient fact can be seen in several ways. Twenty-seven Government seats are held on a minority vote, as against fourteen for Labour. In 32 Government seats the majority is less than one thousand; this is so in only 11 Labour seats. Each Government seat represents, roughly, 27,000 votes, while each Labour seat represents, roughly, 55,000 votes. In 27 English counties Labour has no representation, though it polled there over half the Government vote. A shift of one hundred thousand electors, in divisions where the Government majority was less than two thousand, might have resulted in the defeat of the Government.

2. Excluding the Scottish universities (the result of which has not yet been announced as I write) there are 430 Government members. Their composition appears to be as follows:

TABLE I

Rentiers	129	Banking and finance	11
Business men	85	Electricity interests	5
Barristers	52	Coal and iron	7
Solicitors	7	Architects	2
Brewers	4	Newspaper and journalists	13
Soldiers or sailors	23	Agriculture	10
Insurance	6	Engineering	13
Railways and shipping	17	Textiles	4
Retired public officials	6	Working-man	1
Doctors	9	Aristocrats	45
Accountants	6	Others	18
Authors	2		

3. The Labour Party consists of 155 members. Of these 77 are Trade Unionists; among them, the miners have 34, the railwaymen 10, the transport workers 7, the general workers and the distributive workers 6 each; the remainder are distributed among some ten trades. The composition of the remaining 77 is as follows:

TABLE II

Business men	12	Rentiers	2
Co-operative	8	Teachers	8
Clergymen	3	Journalists	5
Political officials	5	Engineers	2
Other officials	4	Naval officer	1
Barristers	8	Minor professions	5
Solicitors	2	Others	9
Aristocrat	1		

4. There are 20 Independent Liberals in the House. Table III gives the composition of the party:

TABLE III

Rentiers	8	Barristers	2
Solicitors	2	Farmer	1
Business	5	Architect	1
Journalist	1	Aristocrats	3

[NOTE.—In these tables an aristocrat is defined as a person who has either inherited a hereditary title or is the son of the bearer of such a title.]

5. Both parties have done well so far as their front benches are concerned. The whole Cabinet has been returned except for the two MacDonalds; the Labour Party has lost only Dr. Addison. But there is a notable difference in the composition of the two parties in one important particular. The Conservative Party contains a number of young men fairly certain to be among the ministers of the next generation; the Labour Party, owing to the high proportion of Trade Union officials of relatively advanced years, contains very few such men. Most of the young "intellectuals" of the party have been beaten, as they were compelled to contest either difficult or doubtful seats. The miners, with 34 members, have monopolised these normally safe seats with their own officials; only 4 are held by men who have no direct connection with their unions. It still remains a serious problem for the Labour Party to find good seats for men under forty who have no Trade Union connections. Only five of the Labour front bench will be under fifty years of age in the present Parliament. Of the back-benchers 2 are under thirty, and 8 under forty, years of age.

5. The distribution of the Labour vote is curious. The party did magnificently in the coal-fields, where the total vote was a record (in Seaham itself 86 per cent.) and the majorities overwhelming. It added appreciably to its vote in the rural areas. But it did badly, on the 1929 figures, in the industrial constituencies, most notably in places classed as distressed areas. Its record is bad on the N.E. Coast. It is bad, also, in Leicester, Birmingham, Salford, Derby, Wolverhampton and Nottingham. It seems to have made little impression on the "dormitory" constituencies of London save where, as in N. Hammersmith and Romford, there are big housing estates. It did well in East and South London; but in the West its showing was a disappointment. It does not appear, on balance, that in straight fights the Liberal vote usually helped Labour; in Derby, notably, the Government candidates seem to have been elected by Liberal votes. It is notable that most of the great railway depots, all of which went Labour in 1929, remained faithful to the National Government.

6. The decline of Liberal prestige is important. The Independent Liberals ran 150 candidates, of whom 20 were returned; 37 of these ran second to the successful candidate in three-cornered fights; 68 were at the bottom of the poll; and 42 lost their deposits, 20 Liberal candidates polled less than 3,000 votes each. The strength of what Liberalism is left appears to lie in the West country. Elsewhere, with few exceptions, it runs well behind the Labour vote. H. J. L.

GUERRA BELLISSIMA!

War is beautiful when it fills the flowering meadow with the flaming orchids of grapeshot . . . when it makes a symphony of guns and cannon-shots . . . songs of soldiers, odours of putrefaction.—Gazzetta del Popolo.

Guerra bellissima
Fascist-envisaged!
Bone taut and vibrant
Hums with the bullet!
Flesh juvenescent
Leaps to the missile's
Kiss metallurgic!
Wounds of carnation
Gushing warm purple,
Effluent viscera—
Red vermicelli,
Glazed, gleaming eyeballs,
Sparking, viridian,
Clay phosphorescent
Rank in corruption,
Burn on Mars' palette
Loved hues of carnage!

Pale putrefaction,
Bone unresponsive,
Flesh gashed in half-tones,
Pallid intestines,
Death-stench insipid,
Mark war's cold carrion,
Void of Fascismo!

Iron-tongued loud-speakers
Boost neo-Roman
Art morticultural!
Beat on the ear-drums,
Bark in the city,
Bawl in the mountains,
Blast in the valleys,
Boom in the jungle,
Bray in the desert
Rapture aesthetic,
War's apotheosis,
Fascist boloney!

SAGITTARIUS

FOLLOW-MY-LEADER

"SEVERAL hundred false killer whales, averaging 20ft. in length," announces the *Times*, "are stranded on the rocky coast near Mamre, fifty miles from Capetown. Dr. Gill, of the South African Museum," the message continues, "suggests that such wholesale strandings may be due to the spirit of 'follow my leader'—one whale finding itself trapped and the rest following blindly like sheep."

How sad to find that false killer whales are playing the sedulous ape in this fashion to false killer human beings! Can news have reached them that follow-my-leader is the game of the moment in Europe? Have the achievements of the mass-mind north of the Equator so impressed them that they must needs take over its methods of increasing cetacean or pseudo-cetacean happiness in the southern seas?

Probably not. Probably they never heard of Europe and were followers merely upon instinct. Among whales, as among men, followers are born, not made. The happiness of following is one of the first happinesses we know as soon as we begin to mingle with our coevals. The normal boy cannot stay away from the company of the boys in his neighbourhood. However addicted to food, he rises prematurely from the table to rejoin the gang. If he is not a born leader, he does whatever the other boys do, though he may have little natural taste for it. He may be incompetent at games, but he glows with the group-spirit as he plays them, however his own individual efforts may humiliate him. If it were not for this, how empty the cricket-pitches would be! Look at a number of boys playing cricket, and, as often as not, you will see that three out of four of them can play the game scarcely better than penquins. You would imagine that the boy who always missed catches and, hitting out blindly, was invariably out to the first ball that came straight towards his wicket and was never allowed to bowl because he could bowl nothing but wides, could get little enjoyment out of the game. But you would be wrong. That boy, for all his humiliations, is as happy as a moth fluttering against a lighted window. He is mystically at one with those others who are playing cricket as he plays it in his dreams.

This passion for joining in gangs is the explanation of the popularity of the ancient game of follow-my-leader. Here it is usually one of the bolder spirits who takes charge. He proposes feats on which eighty per cent. of his followers, if left to themselves, would never venture. He invades the gardens of respectable citizens, and, at once quailing and thrilling in every nerve, his little slaves follow him. He climbs over spiked railings, and such is the joy of servility that even infants with visions of impalement do their best to clamber after him. He creeps along the top of a wall, with an angry dog barking below, and his attendant sprites go after him, each quaking at the thought that he may slip and become a prey to the fangs of the monster. What we would not do by ourselves we do at least half-willingly, if we are led into it by a hero. To be one of a mob in the train of a hero is to be alive. Or so every member of the mob feels.

As we grow older, we make spasmodic efforts to break away from the mob. We begin to experience the pleasures of individuality. We revolt not only against our elders but against our contemporaries. We choose our own pleasures and live our own lives, or it might be nearer the truth to say that we make occasional efforts to do so. At the same time, however individualistic we may become, the lure of the mob remains. There are a few who entirely cease to feel the joy of being led or even of agreeing with a large number of other people, but they are exceptions. As a rule, they become what we call cranks. They oppose for the sake of opposition. They perform a useful service in society, but, if every one were like them in their individualism, society would go to pieces. Not only do they not feel the team-spirit, they detest it and regard every one who glorifies it as a canting humbug.

I confess I have little taste for speeches in praise of the team-spirit at school prize-givings and on other formal occasions. But that is not because the team-spirit is bad, but because the speeches are usually bad. The team-spirit undoubtedly makes people happier, and it also makes them more efficient. Small boys may resent the booming of a fatuous and well-fed elder on a platform who calls on them to play the game; but they resent still more the individualism of a centre-three-quarter who always tries to score for himself and loses the match by never passing the ball. All the platitudes about the team-spirit and playing the game are perfectly true—so true that, except in cases of absolute necessity, they should never be uttered.

Man, however, was not born merely to belong to a team. Even Mr. Kipling, one of the greatest living prophets of the team-spirit, law and order and all that sort of thing, recognises this. Mr. Kipling's heroes worship law and order, and outrage it. They believe in the honour of the school and of the regiment, and disgrace it. Stalky and his company temper their devotion to the headmaster with a strong determination to lead their own lives and not to be absorbed into the herd either on the playing-fields or elsewhere. They form a follow-my-leader group of their own, but refuse to subject themselves to the school-group. In the same way Mulvaney and his friends form themselves into a small anarchistic group within a larger group the rules of which they do not observe. They have the virtues of sheep only when on duty. They vary the pleasures of obedience with the pleasures of freedom.

I should not like to say that Mr. Kipling has found the ideal solution of the problem of how to be free and how to be one of the herd at the same time. But at least he sees that the problem is there; and, since he wrote, it seems to me that it has become one of the most pressing problems of our age. In some of the greatest countries in Europe, the ever-obedient group is now the ideal. The game of follow-my-leader is not only approved of: it is compulsory. If the leader calls on them to follow him over barbed wire, his followers must climb after him, whatever the results to their skin or garments. If he points to a wall topped with broken glass, over they must go and pretend to enjoy it. Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do or die. They have not even the schoolboy's right to ask questions. "Grown-up people should be seen and not heard" is the first rule of good citizenship. Every citizen is allowed the happiness of obedience, but is forbidden the happiness of being himself.

Now there is no doubt that communion is good for the soul of man; but against compulsory communion the soul of man sooner or later revolts. There seem to me to be few things more admirable than the communion of a sane and voluntary patriotism; but there seem to me to be few things more horrible than the communion of an insane and compulsory State-worship. I cannot believe that a time will ever come when there will not be a single country in Europe in which the citizen is permitted to criticise the State and, if so inspired, to abuse the leader who is the head of the State. Yet there is scarcely a country in Europe in which somebody or other is not holding this up as an ideal. All that the human race has to do in order to be happy, we are told, is to play the game of follow-my-leader morning, noon and night, and to punish with death or imprisonment all those heretics who refuse to take part in the game. I myself have never been in favour of compulsory games. And, if you must have some compulsory games, I hold that follow-my-leader should not be one of them. In an imperfect world you can never be quite sure of the leader. He may lead slow-running followers into a field containing a dangerous bull. He may lead non-swimmers into a deep and torrential river. He may lead the very pick of his following into a morass from which there is no escape. If follow-my-leader is to be made a compulsory game, it should only be in a world in which a god could be chosen as leader. Where this is not possible, the followers should retain the right not to follow. Consider what happened to those un-

fortunate false killer whales. How they idolised their leader! How they trusted him! "The false killer whale who criticises our leader is a subversive," they said. "He has not the true false-killer-whale blood. Long live the leader!" And now they are stranded, several hundred of them, on a rocky coast fifty miles from Capetown, leader and all. If they had been democrats, none of them might have been stranded except the leader. It seems to me there is still something to be said for democracy. Y. Y.

Correspondence

THE LABOUR PARTY'S FUTURE

SIR,—As a defeated candidate at the late General Election may I express the alarm and dismay which some of us feel at Mr. Cole's article on the Labour Party's future. If his advice is followed it will have no future.

He writes as "a whole-hogging Socialist," yet he proposes that the Party "should definitely not socialise, but improve the position of, the farmers" (one wonders how?), the small traders, the proprietors of small and middle-class businesses in the great majority of industries, by pursuing a policy of cheap credit and economic expansion" (what does this mean? Increased exports?)

With a naive and childlike ignorance of the mind of the average elector who is engaged in such pursuits he fancies that such a policy will convert him into a supporter not of Socialism but of the Labour Party.

Why should it? The present Government can always offer these classes of our opponents more than we can. The farmers have always had much done for them; the small traders and shopkeepers, whose interests are, and must be, opposed to those of the Co-operative Societies, are likely to get further help, or what they think is help, by discriminating legislation. The proprietors of small businesses can already get cheap credits when solvent. The small manufacturer is protected by a tariff. Eight and a half million voters supported Socialism at the polls. Is it really worth while to alienate them in the vain and impossible attempt not only to placate but to gain the votes of some of the smaller supporters of the capitalist system? "In vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird." Our British birds of the capitalist species are far too wary to be taken in.

Three cheering facts have emerged from the election. First, there has been an encouraging increase in our total poll. Secondly, the Liberal Party, for all practical purposes, has been eliminated. Lastly, the number of seats held by us bears no sort of proportion to the votes cast. If the advocates of proportional representation are right the Government should only have a majority of about fifty.

It is, therefore, clear that Labour will be the only possible alternative Government. It is also clear that with continued faith and courage in our programme we shall go on increasing the number of our supporters, not only among the manual workers, but among such blackcoats as teachers, doctors, engineers, technicians and scientists of all sorts. In course of time the country will insist on an alternative Government, and will know in so doing that it is voting not for some limited social reforms but for a Socialist policy involving a "complete change of economic system."

Any other course, such as that advocated by Mr. Cole, means the disruption and disappearance of the Labour Party—but not of British Socialism. DAVID FREEMAN

SIR,—To at least one member of the industrial middle class Mr. Cole's idea of what the Labour Party should do or propose to do is not very intelligible. Is "Limited Socialism" different in kind or in degree from "Social Reform"? The formation of the London Transport Board probably made for greater efficiency, but, even in its original Morrison form, it can hardly be said to make any substantial or direct contribution to the equalisation of wealth. Would "Nationalisation" of the Railways on similar principles be a measure of "Limited Socialism"? Perhaps Mr. Cole's use of the word "socialise" instead of "nationalise" makes plain to Mr. Cole and the initiated what brand of nationalisation is intended. It does not make it plain to me nor, I think, to the average voter.

Free meals for officially "*necessitous*" school children are presumably merely "Social Reform." But would free lunches for *all* State school children, paid for out of higher super tax or death duties, be "Social Reform" or "Limited Socialism" or "Communism"? They would, I suggest, appeal to the large majority of working-class mothers more than nationalisation of the railways. Is this a short-sighted view on the part of the working-class mother, and, if so, why?

The assumed large body of "working-class support" for "socialisation" exists, I suggest, only in those industries, such as mining, in which the workers are badly paid and have at last come to believe the present owners' contention that they cannot pay better. But in other fields (such as soap, tobacco, chemicals, and even railways and banks), where large-scale industry and relatively efficient capitalism now offers much better labour conditions than the less monopolistic and smaller scale capitalism which it superseded, I doubt if the same working-class enthusiasm for "socialisation" would be found.

Is it the interests of the workers employed, or those of the public; or a tenderness for the nineteenth-century prejudices of the Liberal voter; or means of diverting the small bourgeois Fascist sentiment, that concern Mr. Cole, when he demands the socialisation of large-scale industry, and the preservation and encouragement of the small trader? The "great monopolists" who control the former are—if one is forced to generalise—generally much better employers than the latter; and the evidence of the various committees and commissions which have sat since the war to investigate the prices of our necessaries and conveniences, does not suggest that modern large-scale business has been a worse enemy of the consumer than small-scale.

No doubt large-scale industry is not inherently more virtuous than small-scale. But it knows that its size puts it in the limelight, and it wants above all things for its security the goodwill of the public and of its employees. Consequently it is well worth while from a strictly business standpoint to pass on both to the worker and consumer some portion of the gains of superior organisation.

Mr. Cole may be right or wrong about the vote-catching value of his new economic policy—but some of us would like to know on what grounds of principle or social expediency he would justify it. I suggest that, in fact, more real socialism will come in our time by the back door, under cover of the necessity for dealing constructively with the vast residue of unemployment, than may be ushered in by the front door with a capital S. Why not turn our attention to the back door where the real business of the house is done? JOSIAH WEDGWOOD (Jun.)

Stone, Staffs.

[We have received innumerable letters on this subject. Will correspondents be as brief as possible? Ed. N.S. & N.].

ALTERNATIVE TO REARMAMENT

SIR,—Mr. Jonathan Griffin, in his letter to the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of November 9th, states that if he were presented with the two alternatives of passive defence or rearmament, he would choose defence. So would we. But there is not the least chance of these two possibilities being presented to us by a Government as alternatives. The drilling of the civil population and the protection of air bases, in effecting which the neighbouring "blackened out" areas may act as decoys, are parts of the technique of attack. Passive defence and rearmament measures in France and Germany show that one is inseparable from the other. In France compulsory gas mask drill has soon been followed by a Bill for extending compulsory war service to the whole population; this is of the gravest significance in view of the possibility of the introduction of conscription into this country in the near future.

Against the main measure proposed by Mr. Griffin, namely, the storage of food in large quantities in all parts of the country, similar objections can be raised. To do it on a minimal scale for two years would involve an initial expenditure of the order of £500,000,000 and at least £100,000,000 a year, in addition, for maintenance. The cessation of rearmament would be unable to release such a sum, and it would certainly be raised by lowering wages and social services. Not only this, but the setting up of a food storage system on this scale would at once be understood abroad as an indication of our intention to go to war. Perhaps, however, Mr. Griffin has other measures in mind when he says "but certain measures, which cannot threaten other countries, can prevent the results of an air attack from reaching hundreds of thousands of people who are not direct victims." If this is so, we should very much welcome information about them

As a group of scientific workers, we feel that we can best oppose potentially aggressive rearmament by driving home the truth of Mr. Baldwin's remark that "the bomber will always get through," which means that there is no such thing as effective defence against aerial warfare. We are convinced that if this were as generally understood by the electors in this country as it is insisted upon by the Danish Governmental Committee on Passive Defence, the present political situation would be very different.

Strangeways Road, Queen Edith's Way, Cambridge.

A. F. W. HUGHES, On Behalf of the Cambridge Scientists Anti-War Group

[Mr. Jonathan Griffin replies:

Merely to repeat that "the bomber will always get through" is not enough; indeed, it is highly dangerous, for the man-in-the-street, frightened by such talk, hastens to give the Government a blank cheque for rearmament. If we are not constructive we shall do harm instead of good. To oppose rearmament successfully without offering an *alternative to rearmament* is psychologically impossible. We ought never to say that effective air defence is impracticable, unless we also show that the abolition of national air forces and the internationalisation of civil aviation is necessary and practicable. And we now have to show how, with other countries re-arming, this country can still safely use its whole influence to slow down the armaments race and restore the chance of agreement on the abolition of national air forces.

To meet this difficulty I propose that any increase in our defence expenditure be opposed, unless it is devoted to measures which can make this country less vulnerable but cannot threaten other countries. The chief of these is the storage of food; others were suggested in my article of October 19th.

Would the storage of food be understood abroad as a sign that we meant to go to war? More likely, it would be taken for what it actually would be—a sign that we at last recognise that aviation has made the protection of our sea-borne supplies impossible. Certainly it is less likely to do harm abroad than the large-scale rearmament urged by Lord Beatty and Sir John Salmond.

As for the cost, Mr. Hughes' figures of £500,000,000 for initial cost and £100,000,000 for maintenance appear to me fantastically exaggerated. (He does not give their source.) Here are some data from which the scale of expenditure might be roughly estimated:

In a paper read before the Institution of Mechanical Engineers on January 27th, 1933, Mr. H. H. Broughton stated that in 1931 the total storage capacity of licensed elevators in Canada was 415 million bushels, and that "on a conservative basis the present-day value of the Canadian elevators is about 33 millions sterling." On that basis, since Great Britain imports about 260 million bushels (about 7,000,000 tons) of wheat per annum, it should cost about £21,000,000 to erect storage for a year's imported wheat supply. (Many of the terminal elevators in Canada are fitted with elaborate and costly handling, cleaning and conditioning machinery. Much of this would be unnecessary in granaries intended merely for the storage and turning over of grain.)

What would it cost to maintain and operate them? Mr. Broughton states that safe storage of 4–6 months' normal consumption, spread over not less than eight centres, in about twenty-four units of various sizes, would cost 4½*d.* to 6*d.* per head of Great Britain's population. Using the higher figure, this gives £2,250,000 per year for a year's normal supply. Again, replying to the discussion on his paper, Mr. Broughton states that £1,250,000 per annum is enough to cover all capital charges and operating expenses of storage houses with a capacity of three million tons (112 million bushels). That works out at about £3,000,000 per year for a year's supply.

Wheat, of course, is not the only foodstuff we should have to store. Also the figures apparently do not include any charges for land, though these should be comparatively small, since the elevators would for safety's sake be placed well away from the towns. (Underground storage would, no doubt, have advantages; but only navies seem able to afford that.)

Storage of as much as two years' essential food imports would thus be costly, but far less costly than Mr. Hughes suggests, and far less costly than the naval and air rearmament to which it is the alternative. Lord Beatty wants us to spend an extra £150,000,000 on rebuilding the navy, and the *Financial News* warns us that his proposals would cost something nearer £200,000,000. He wants five of the twelve battleships replaced, and more cruisers ("at least half as many again as we now have"). Not only are these ships more and more costly to build (the cost of ships has increased six-fold since 1909, according to the *Army, Navy and Air Force Gazette* of November 7); their maintenance also is increasingly costly. "Since 1914," writes Mr. H. C. Bywater in a book published in 1927, "every part of a warship's equipment, including shells and torpedoes, has doubled or trebled in price." A single ship, the *Hood*, already costs half a million a year, and each cruiser of the *County* class about £238,000. The cost of storing food may be high, but at least it will not increase. It is a flea-bite in comparison with that of the proposed rearmament. The security it can give us is real, though partial, even against the air menace. And it is non-aggressive.

This is worth remembering when the Naval Conference opens.—ED. *N. S. & N.*]

P.R.

SIR,—The argument for P.R. arising out of the General Election is not merely the disproportion between seats and votes, though that is serious enough, but the loss of the services of such men and women as Sir Herbert Samuel, Sir Norman Angell and Miss Bondfield, whose exclusion from Parliament will be admitted by everyone to be a loss to the nation. Under P.R., leaders who command the admiration and allegiance of millions do not get excluded from the chamber to whose efficiency they contribute so much.

Your London Diarist dismisses P.R. lightly with two observations. The first is that it would be a bad thing if Government had to make bargains with a number of small groups as in some continental countries. The group system where it exists on the Continent is not the product of P.R. It existed before P.R. was considered; it exists where P.R. has not been adopted. Indeed it is just in those countries with the longest experience of P.R. that it is not found. The Governments of countries like Belgium and Switzerland are at least as stable as our own.

His second reason is the opinion of a German politician that P.R. was responsible for the breakdown of democracy in Germany. As to that, there are British politicians who assert that concessions to Indians are the cause of sedition in India, and that Mr. J. H. Thomas has acted for the good of the Empire in his dealings with the Irish Free State! The cause of the Hitler revolution is writ large in the history of Europe. It was due to the failure of Germany to secure equality by constitutional methods. The German system of P.R., defective as it was compared with that in use in the English-speaking world, delayed Hitler's rise to power till he had a genuine majority behind him.

S. R. DANIELS

[Critic writes: No one would be so foolish as to suggest that P.R. was responsible for Hitler's success. The opinion expressed was much more modest: that English democracy looked more stable than German had ever been partly because Governments in this country could gain a clear majority, whereas they were less likely to do so under a rigid system of P.R. such as Germany had. ED. *N.S. & N.*]

ROAD STATISTICS

SIR,—There is everything to be said in favour of the authorities experimenting with statistics of road accidents; but there is everything to be said *against* the publication of statistics whose significance for policy is almost certain to be misinterpreted, especially when the subject is highly controversial.

In my criticism of the Ministry of Transport's statistics I tried to show, not only that they were misleading and meaningless, but also how the problem ought to be approached. It is definite fact that in a problem of this kind legitimate inferences can be drawn, not from percentages of the total number of accidents which occur in certain circumstances or which are attributed to certain causes, but only from accident *rates* per person, thing, entity, at risk. This principle is well known to actuaries, demographers, and statisticians generally, and is exemplified in the discussion of death-rates in depressed areas on p. 759 of last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

In his letter last week Mr. Davidson chose speed in accident causation as an example to support his contention that the official statistics have a provisional usefulness. I admit that, subject to the very important official warning (which in his article and in his letter Mr. Davidson completely disregards) that "in interpreting the figures . . . it is necessary to observe the greatest caution," the statistics suggest that in recent experience speeds above 30 m.p.h. were involved in a small proportion of fatal accidents, and therefore that speeds *below* 30 m.p.h. can also lead to fatalities. Those who did not realise that have learned something from the statistics; but what we really need to know, and what the per-

centages under discussion do not tell us, is to what extent, in given circumstances, high speeds lead to accidents. Only accident-rates per running vehicle-hour at different speeds, or statistics of a similar type, could give us this information. The publication of the percentages is dangerous, because if motorists infer with Mr. Davidson that "high speed is actually a minor factor," high speeds and accidents are likely to be more common in the future.

Typhus fever is another and very "minor factor" in the causation of deaths in this country to-day, because steps are taken to ensure that the number of persons at risk, i.e., suffering from typhus, is small; but the mortality per case is high, and typhus will remain a minor factor in death-causation just so long as it is repressed. If the Registrar-General published figures showing that only one in half a million deaths in England and Wales was due to typhus each year, without stating the number of cases of the disease, we should have no idea whether typhus was highly lethal or not. The Ministry of Transport's accident statistics do not enable us to judge whether high speed is lethal or not; they give us absolutely no clue as to what would be the effect of higher or lower motoring speeds. For practical purposes they are meaningless.

FREDERICK BROWN

36 Regent Square, W.C.1.

LORD CAMPBELL'S ACT

SIR,—While there can be no doubt that Mr. Aldous Huxley's reading of Lord Campbell's Act is right, I think the case against certain recent interpretations by magistrates can be put even more strongly.

The whole question turns on the words used by Lord Campbell in debate "indictable under the present Common Law." The Courts, of course, cannot refer to a debate for the explanation of a statute, but it has always seemed to me that the words of the statute by themselves are sufficient to carry out Lord Campbell's pledge, or undertaking, or explanation.

As I read the Act, translated into English, it means that, before a book can be suppressed, it must satisfy three conditions:

(1) It must be obscene.

(2) It must be obscene in a way which makes it a proper object of proceedings.

(3) It must be so obscene that under the Common Law the publisher would, in the opinion of the magistrate, have been found guilty by a jury.

It would appear to a layman that certain magistrates are proceeding not on Lord Campbell's Act, but on Lord Campbell's Bill before it had been amended by Lord Lyndhurst, and the second and third conditions inserted and made clear. The Bill did give the magistrate powers which the House of Lords rightly found exorbitant, and I do not think there can be any question that if the decision in *Sleeveless Errand*, for example, had been brought on a writ of error before a tribunal consisting, say, of Brougham, Lyndhurst and Campbell himself, it would have been set aside.

Experience seems to show that the higher the tribunal the closer its decisions approximate to common sense. Whether there is any way of bringing one of these cases before a superior court perhaps some lawyer can advise. Before we start amending a law, it is always well to know what the law is: it may turn out, rightly interpreted, to be a very good law. No one, I imagine, wishes to repeal or weaken Lord Campbell's Act for the specific and limited purpose for which it was passed. G. M. YOUNG

TOTEM

SIR,—The humorous modesty with which you have on occasion reprinted in "This England" an extract from your own pages has confirmed the loyalty of at least one of your readers, and, as that one, I venture, not too rashly, to suggest that you will find a rich quarry for re-quotation in Mr. John Beevers' review of *Totem* in your issue of November 16th. Let me make one selection for you: "There is, for example, the tacit eulogy of National Socialism printed in a 1933 number of *The Boy*, and Baden Powell's . . ."

To be put on the spot by Mr. Beevers in company with the Chief Scout (to say nothing of the Prince of Wales) is a compliment to be appreciated; but your readers should not miss the ripe absurdity of the reference. In the 1933 numbers of *The Boy* I printed one article, and one only, on National Socialism, namely, "The German Youth Movement and the National Socialist Ideals." This article was written at my request by a German student. Does Mr. Beevers, who commends *Totem* to your readers because it demonstrates "the subtle viciousness of all groupings of people founded upon a purely emotional basis," disapprove of attempts to help people in one country to understand what is happening in the minds of people in another? Or does he want to group readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION on the "purely emotional basis" of hating, unthinkingly and unreasonably, not only National Socialism but all its adherents? My way lies some possibility of international peace; his, the certainty of war. But that is to take too seriously, perhaps, a writer who describes a printed statement of a young German's point of view as "a tacit eulogy."

You will be kind, Sir, if you allow me to add that in the March, 1934, number of *The Boy* I printed an article by an Englishman, "The German Youth and the Nazis," which is one of the best analyses yet printed of the origins of National Socialism and of the reasons for its acceptance by young Germans. That article begins:—

> There is much that is bad in present Germany, and more that is mad. Beyond, again, are long reaches of silliness and not a little that is merely funny. . . . But when we've said all the hard things that should be said, we have not disposed of this emotional crusade that has put nearly a whole nation for a time behind one man, and has brought to a people what they describe as a great freeing of the spirit; we have not accounted for the fact that the young men and women of Germany are following a Leader in joy and adoration. What were the conditions that made possible this excited and ardent movement?

I would like to quote more, but this will suffice, I hope, to disabuse your readers of any false impression given them by Mr. Beevers or the author of *Totem* that *The Boy* is devoting itself to eulogies of Nazism, or encouraging its readers to regard their problems emotionally rather than irrationally.

W. McG. EAGER

52, Bedford Square, W.C.1. Hon. Editor of *The Boy*

THE CRAFT OF REVIEWING

SIR,—Ordinarily a writer is wiser not to reply to a review. He has asked for an opinion; it is for him to take what he gets. But blankly false statements are another matter. Prejudice in a reviewer may be perfectly honest; but he should at least be able to read.

Mr. Stonier finds in the preface to my Poems the assertion that *all* poets should write for eternity. Where? Your readers must have thought this an endearingly modest way of introducing one's own poetry. The curious thing is that I most definitely and repeatedly said the exact opposite—that "writers themselves had to admit that literary immortality was more and more a dream"; that "for the poet, as for the ordinary man, creative living was what mattered, not posthumous embalming"; that, "though it might sound well to talk of 'dining late with Landor and with Donne,' a feast of death's-heads was hardly worth running out of breath to attend." "The art of poetry is in fact worth pursuing, not in order to be talked about when one is dead, but to be more alive while one is alive."

Contrast Mr. Stonier's summary: "His main points are these: *Eternity*, all poets should write for." The absurdity of which view he has then the satisfaction of demonstrating.

Possibly the sentences I have quoted were too obscure for the understanding of Mr. Stonier, nourished on the lucidities of modern poets. Your readers may judge. I expressed the same views yet again in several of the poems of the text. Doubtless Mr. Stonier never struggled so far. That may be pardonable. But why pretend?

The above is only one of the complete distortions Mr. Stonier succinctly compressed into half a column. But I cannot hunt him into all his earths. You have not the space, nor any of us the time. I cannot object to his reviewing me; but I should prefer, if he does not mind, to write my books myself.

What I did, and do, protest against was the prevalent view that all poets *must*, with the docility of conscripts, conform to the fashions of the moment—an utterly different proposition. But Mr. Stonier was too angry or too idle to distinguish. Here was a heretic—that was enough. The fate of a volume of verse is a very minor matter; there is a war on in Abyssinia. But elementary honesty in reviewers is perhaps of some importance; and before writing a criticism of a book there is something to be said for glancing over at least the first ten pages.

Cambridge. F. L. LUCAS

[Mr. Stonier writes: "Mr. Lucas did not say in so many words 'all poets should write for eternity' (nor did I attribute these words to him) but he implied it. 'Once it was thought praise to be "not of an age but of all time."' Mr. Lucas

extends this to contemporary poets as meaning that they should write (in his sense of the word) traditionally, forgetting that tradition is not so much a fixed convention as a process of continual innovation and discovery. Poetry from Homer to Hardy, according to his argument, observed the eternal verities, but since Hardy there has been a break, eternity has been shattered and a section of modern poets are obsessed with the actualities of contemporary life. Mr. Lucas would like to see poetry return to its former condition : ' English poetry, I believe, will revive one day the stronger for its winter sleep.' If this view of tradition does not imply, at the present, ' writing for eternity ' (i.e., for the past), as I suggested in my review, I withdraw the phrase."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

PECCAVI

SIR,—In your last issue (p. 668) Critic states that the most famous cryptic message is that sent after the capture of Scinde by Sir Charles Napier—the single word Peccavi. What Napier actually *did* say was that his victory was " a very advantageous, useful, humane piece of rascality." It was *Punch* that suggested " Peccavi " as a more appropriate despatch. JOHN LEESE

9 Queen Anne's Grove, Bedford Park, W.4.

Miscellany

THREE POEMS

THE HOUND OF ULSTER

LITTLE boy
Will you stop
And take a look
In the puppy shop
Dogs blue and liver
Noses aquiver
Little dogs big dogs
Dogs for sport and pleasure
Fat dogs meagre dogs
Dogs for lap and leisure
Do you see that wire haired terrier
Could anything be merrier
Do you see that Labrador retriever
His name is Belvoir
Thank you courteous stranger said the child
By your words I am beguiled
But tell me I pray
What lurks in the gray
Cold shadows at the back of the shop ?
Little boy do not stop
Come away
From the puppy shop
For the Hound of Ulster lies tethered there
Cuchulain tethered by his golden hair
His eyes are closed and his lips are pale
Hurry little boy he is not for sale.

LAMENT OF A SLUG-A-BED'S WIFE

GET up thou lazy lump thou log get up
For it is very nearly time to sup
And did the Saviour die that thou shouldst be
In bed for breakfast dinner lunch and tea ?

OH! HAPPY DOGS

OH happy dogs of England
Bark well as well you may
If you lived anywhere else
You would not be so gay.

Oh happy dogs of England
Bark well at errand boys
If you lived anywhere else
You would not be allowed to make such an infernal noise.

STEVIE SMITH

EDUARD BENES

EDUARD BENES is the only Foreign Minister in Europe who can boast of an unbroken innings of more than seventeen years. It began when the Czecho-Slovak Republic was first proclaimed in October, 1918, by Masaryk and himself. He was then only thirty-four years old. To-day he is fifty-one, and looks younger. Physically, as well as mentally, he is supremely fit. He is a teetotaller and a non-smoker. He used to be a keen and vigorous footballer and once broke his leg on the football field. He still plays tennis—preferably three sets before breakfast—skis and climbs. He still has the briskest walk of any of the habitués of Geneva.

He was one of Masaryk's young men. It is one of the arguments for a revolution that it gives a few young, at any rate, a better chance to climb quickly.

Benes is one of a numerous family, the son of a small peasant at Kozlany in Central Bohemia. He became a teacher of French at the Prague School of Commerce and then a lecturer in Economics at the Charles University in Prague. Then came the war. One day he met Masaryk in the street and said : " Something must be done." Masaryk replied " I am already doing something." He sent Benes to and fro on diplomatic journeys, which carried heavy risks of sentence of death for high treason. As the war went on, the Czecho-Slovak National Council was formed in Paris and Masaryk appointed Benes to be its Secretary. In Paris rich people tried to make a fuss of him, but he remained quite uncorrupted either by the luxury or by the flattery of their salons. He had only one purpose in life—the liberation of his countrymen within the framework of a democratic Republic, tilted towards social equality—and he accomplished it. Three men were the joint architects of the new State—Masaryk the Philosopher, Benes the Politician, Stefanik the Soldier, who, after all their Odysseys, led the Legions home, and died in an aeroplane crash on the morrow of the final victory. Each of these three was necessary to the success of the others. Benes was the only pure Czech of the three ; the other two were Slovaks.

Since then Benes, with Masaryk behind him, has guided the foreign policy of his country. He has established a League-wide reputation at Geneva. He has worked steadily for a Peace highly organised through the League, with a presumption in favour of maintaining the *status quo* in Europe, unless it can be very clearly shown that any given revision would really diminish the risks of war. He helped to make the Little Entente, and it is not his fault if this structure is to-day less solid than it looks. More recently he has made a Czech-Soviet Pact, which has brought the Soviet Union right into the affairs of Central Europe, and he has done his best to push his old friends the French into a less hesitating support of sanctions against Italy. He is all for the maintenance of international law and order and for the gentlemanly observance of international obligations. He has a great respect for the potential influence of England and believes that if " only England will speak plainly, there will be no war in Europe."

He still has something of the look of a peasant and, both in conversation and in negotiation, he shows a peasant's caution and a peasant's skill in bargaining. He does not believe in concessions for their own sake, but is always ready to make concessions at a fair price. And he can give as lucid and well-ordered an *exposé* of a complicated situation as any Frenchman. Indeed, he always remains a teacher. He loves to stand in the middle of a group, explaining a situation, marking off the points, first, second and third on his fingers. The method stands him in good stead with journalists. It enables him to talk, which he enjoys very much, to let them know his point of view, how he sees the situation, which is useful, and to avoid committing himself without denying them copy.

He speaks English fairly well, and French, German and Russian perfectly. He is a first-class go-between, as he showed three years ago when he composed the Anglo-Persian squabble over oil, which was remitted to him by the League Council. Before the war he wrote a *History of Socialism* and a book on

Political Parties as Sociological Phenomena. Since the war he has published a volume of *Memoirs*, which has been translated into English and is well worth reading.

It seems likely that he will soon succeed Masaryk, now eighty-three years old, as President of the most civilised State in Central Europe. He is Masaryk's candidate for the succession, though he has jealous rivals. If he succeeds, he will have a difficult job, and he will be no figurehead. But he will bring to his task a rare combination of personal gifts and of exacting experience.

THE CHINESE EXHIBITION

You do not need expert knowledge in order to enjoy the Chinese Exhibition, or I should not have been, as I was, bowled over by its beauties. It is advisable, of course, to know the order of at least the main dynasties: the exhibits are arranged chronologically, and you will notice that particular branches of art reached their apogee at different periods, as you pass the Han bronzes (and jades), the Buddhist sculptures, the T'ang pottery and the Sung porcelain. When you get beyond Gallery VII you notice an increasing number of perversely shaped, meaninglessly ornamented and ostentatiously expensive-looking objects—it is like passing from Quattrocento Florence to the Versailles of Louis the Fourteenth. Art has given way to furniture. The collapse of taste under the Ming dynasty was gradual and never total; and the craftsmanship even in the eighteenth century remained superb. In the Large South Room, for instance, there are cases containing monochrome porcelain of a marvellous purity, and the figures of birds and animals made at the same late epoch are enchanting. Some of the sumptuous *famille verte* and *rose* porcelain is worth looking at carefully, though I feel that these pieces need to be seen in houses on cabinets with tapestry behind them, and carved cornices and Persian carpets, not to say an expectation of *foie gras* and champagne for dinner. But the decadence which began with Ming, furthered by European influences and the ignorant demands of the European market, produced many objects which could in no setting be acceptable. In Room XI there are vases lent by the Chinese Government, so perversely tortured as to form a *jardin des supplices* calling for the intervention of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Porcelain. The carved lacquer is usually vulgar; and avert your eyes from the *cloisonné* enamels — this form of art, probably Islamic in origin, travelled West to flower in Byzantine and Gothic times in some of the noblest objects ever made, but when it reached China it begot a monstrous brood.

There are, I repeat, grand objects in these later rooms, splendid carpets and tapestries, sumptuous coromandel screens and successful carvings in jade and other precious substances. But the craftsman is a virtuoso—he has the whip-hand of his material and is proud of the fact. He no longer has the sympathy with his medium which brought forth the lovely things you saw earlier. Go back to these, look at the vigour of the Chou and Han bronzes, vases in which form and decoration are perfectly matched, jade horses of an unequalled horsiness, and the supremely froggish frog. Look at the bronze mirrors with surfaces flowing with ornament as a song from *Figaro* flows with melody. Nowhere else in the world has there been such understanding of how to cover a given space. You find it again in the Sung porcelain, alike in the bold decoration of Tzu Chou, and the reticent incomparably refined engravings of Ting and Ying Ching. Poor Queen Mary was rebuked for her taste in a famous schoolmasterly passage by Lord Macaulay—she had set a fashion, "a frivolous and inelegant fashion, it must be owned," for Chinese porcelain. But if you can approach these pots with the receptiveness you would give to a Greek lyric, I think you will find them equally delicate and rewarding. This is the perfection of form, the ultimate refinement of human taste and visual sensibility.

To all except experts the sculpture is likely to be the most surprising feature of the Exhibition. Mrs. Rockefeller's Bodhisattva (2498) strikes me as one of the most beautiful figures ever carved. The great seated figure in Gallery II (479) is also most majestic, while the figure next it (478) has a flowing elegance unsurpassed by anything I know in European sculpture. The smaller Buddhist figures in Gallery III have a rare and flickering loveliness. Moreover the pottery from T'ang tombs, here shown in carefully selected figures, is also great sculpture in its dignity, grace and vitality.

I have left the paintings to the last. I find these slightly disappointing, and not merely, I think, because I lack the knowledge required for their appreciation. Of authentic pictures of the T'ang age, which Chinese tradition alleges to be the finest, there are few examples, and those damaged. In any case, I suspect that in this art the Chinese never equalled the great Europeans. Certainly the scope of it was smaller. The medium used had less variety and the permissible subjects were limited by tradition. A Chinese poet once produced a lyric only to be told: "There is no such poem"—it went beyond the licit variations on accepted themes. If a violently original genius like Masaccio or Rembrandt or Cézanne or Picasso had sought in China to pursue his individual vision, he would probably have been told "There is no such picture." The painters (who incidentally were not professionals, but cultivated bureaucrats, a class never notable for audacity) could not look at the exterior world with their own eyes, and some of it, when they looked at it, they did not see. It is one of the oddities of Chinese painting that no shadow is ever represented, yet the silhouette thrown, for instance, by a branch upon a lawn or wall was a subject one would have thought eminently suited to the ink-painting of the Chinese, and likely therefore to excite their interest. In another sense almost all these paintings are shadows, fragile, two-dimensional and almost colourless; shadows of shadows, indeed, for most of them are variations on earlier works. This painting is more hopelessly academic than anything we know in Europe, the work of generation after generation of respectful pupils copying their predecessors' copies.

Peering into Monsieur Stoclet's picture of a *Drunken Orgy* (810), I seemed to see beauties reminding me of Lorenzo Monaco. Kao K'o Kung's *Mountain after Rain* (1091) is a magnificent work, rather like the best of Claude's drawings on a much larger scale, and near it is Hsa Kuei's landscape (1074), a lovely example of the mysteriousness produced by Chinese impressionism. Another miracle of skill and elegance is Ma Fên's *Hundred Geese*. There are, of course, many enchanting and poetic paintings in the Exhibition, and experts find in them a contemplative pantheistic vision of the world undiscoverable in Western art. I know therefore that I shall seem as poor an aesthete as Lord Macaulay when I confess that they seem to me to carry delicacy to the point of etiolation, and as objects to be less satisfying therefore than the best bronzes and ceramics. The examples of handwriting are incredibly felicitous in form. Indeed they seem to me as pleasing as any but the best pictures; and in the West we know that painting is more than calligraphy. The brushwork which throws so simply a bamboo-shoot or a crag on to silk is exquisite. But whereas some of the sculpture seems comparable with the finest works of Ancient Greece and Renascence Florence, I cannot see in these painters the stature of a Giotto, a Rubens, or even an Ingres.

There are over three thousand exhibits in this show, and yet it is intensely enjoyable, owing to the extreme taste and skill with which it has been arranged. The dowdy walls of Burlington House have been hidden with canvas, the objects are displayed admirably lit and effectively grouped on a variety of levels. In fact the whole arrangement, for which Mr. Leigh Ashton is responsible, is exemplary. And one goes away wondering why our museums cannot be made similarly attractive. But that, I suppose, would never do. For then the objects collected in them would give widespread pleasure which, as any orthodox museum-official will tell you, is not the purpose for which works of art exist.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

A Stage Society Production

You would have to be a New Yorker to enjoy *Not for Children*, Elmer Rice's elaborately silly satire on the theatre. It is full of allusions to personalities we do not know and customs we have only heard of, so that our appreciation is as remote and dehumanised as that of a classical scholar "spotting" topical allusions in the text of Aristophanes. Mr. Rice uses the ancient device—which he seems to regard as a startling novelty, all his own invention—of setting a play within a play, so that the characters in the outer frame can comment on the doings of those in the inner one. He has the unhappy idea, however, of putting his commentary into the mouths of two self-conscious intellectuals, who begin after ten minutes to bore us as Sheridan's Mr. Puff could not if he talked for a twelve-month; and the still unhappier idea of making the characters in the inner frame demand, every so often, that we shall take them with high seriousness. Also, he lets the characters step from frame to frame until not merely we, but the characters themselves are puzzled to know upon what plane of make-believe they are operating at a given moment. Out of this confusion, it is only fair to add, he here and there extracts well-ordered comedy. More of this spirit, and less of the topical silly cleverness which he indulges elsewhere, might have helped him to make the piece something better than a charade for American theatre-sophisticates. Martita Hunt's gay pretence that the joke still amused her when it no longer amused us, and Elaine Wodson's feat of starting an emotional soliloquy "from cold" and making it go, both deserve high praise. But it was Finlay Currie, as a theatre-manager who frankly admitted that the point of the whole affair escaped him, who really had our hearts.

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There is only one way to view the fantastic world of Wodehouse, and that is through Wodehouse eyes. His genius is partly verbal, partly critical, and his characters, left to look after themselves on the stage, are only mildly amusing. *The Inside Stand*, adapted from one of his long stories, is a cheerful farce which passes an evening agreeably enough, with Olive Blakeney and Ralph Lynn superimposing their stage-personalities on the characteristic lady-gangster and young-man-about-town respectively. But it will disappoint every Wodehouse-fan who expects to see his idol's quality undiminished in an alien medium. A wildly complicated plot—elaboration in this respect has always been the Wodehouse weakness—does not particularly help matters, and there is remarkably little verbal brilliance to keep one's attention away from the machinery. Kathleen Kelly makes a charming heroine, but she is forced by circumstance to behave with a naive imbecility which is surely unworthy of the creator of *Jill the Reckless*.

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Of all our English choreographers Mr. Frederick Ashton has so far shown the most talent, as those who have seen him work at the Marie Rambert Ballet Club and the Vic-Wells Ballet will agree, but with the new ballet *Baiser de la Fée* in four tableaux to music by Stravinsky he has earned a right to be considered with Massine and Njinska as one of the three finest choreographers living. In fact *Baiser de la Fée* is undoubtedly one of the best contemporary ballets and it would have been conspicuous for its excellence even among the best productions of Diaghilev in his prime. Stravinsky's music, inspired as he says by Tchaikovsky, is in his later austerer style but it shows the master hand in every bar, and also it is an admirable example of Stravinsky's genius for composing music for choreography which is a gift he has in common with Tchaikovsky. One need only point out the wonderful effect he has contrived at the end of the second tableau where the dance of the fairy (beautifully executed by Miss Pearl Argyle) can be prolonged to an ever-increasingly expressive climax by the structure of the music. It is one instance of Mr. Frederick Ashton's ability as a choreographer that he knows how to make the most of this.

Throughout, however, Mr. Ashton's choreography is inventive and deeply expressive; it is never empty or full of conventionality passages as choreography inclines to be except in the hands of a master of this difficult art. The setting and dresses by Sophie Fedorovitch are happily in accord with the whole spirit of the choreography and the music and its dancing of the corps de ballet was worthy of its principals Margot Fonteyn, Pearl Argyle, Harold Turner and Ursula Moreton. In Margot Fonteyn and Pearl Argyle the company possesses two excellent dancers and in Mr. Constant Lambert a conductor who knows how to do justice to the musical side. *Baiser de la Fée* is a triumph for all concerned.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

WE are told by Mr. Connolly in the pages of last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION that English life is without adventure or variety. Our unfortunate novelists are born into the mandarin class and "simply can't get at pugilists, gangsters, speakeasies, negroes," the only subjects which, apparently, are sufficiently fruity to be worth writing about. Still worse, the unfortunate English novelist has no medium except English in which to express himself. "There is no *lingua franca* to correspond to the tough colloquial American style . . . the vigorous workaday speech of the reporters, journalists and advertising men." Worst of all, the English novelist lacks "intellectual power"—such as we find in Henry James, "narrative power, punch, concision and dramatic sense. . . . I suppose," says Mr. Connolly, "the climate is to blame, there seems something in it that gelds. . . ." Mr. Connolly's review was written in the dark days of November, but so, I believe, was *The Tempest*; I refuse to believe in the climatic explanation for this lack of intellectual power. A novel like *A House and Its Head*, by Miss Ivy Compton-Burnett (Heinemann), seems to me to show that all his arguments about thinness of material, negroes, speakeasies and *lingua franca* are snobbish and preposterous nonsense. Everyone would recognise that Mrs. Woolf is a mandarin and E. M. Forster a Brahmin, but does their work suffer in consequence? George Beaton writes without difficulty about tramps, prostitutes and death in what I consider the most beautiful English now being written, while H. E. Bates writes as well about poachers as any American about prize-fighters.

* * *

In literature, even more than in painting, there is no such thing as "thinness of material." The life of a dentist's secretary in Wimpole Street told by Miss Dorothy Richardson, and that of a Spaniel (also in Wimpole Street) told by Mrs. Woolf, are both enthralling, for each of them creates a new world for her readers—a world which we never suspected when we felt the amalgam being crunched home into the excavated tooth, or when we took a dog for a run in Regent's Park. A real story-teller does not have to write of homicidal lunatics to keep us interested. Indeed with many too romantic writers—Mr. Sackville West is one example, and Mr. E. M. Forster in his early novels is another—prize-fighters and children of nature are dangerous temptations. They write best about Simpson, the old nurse, and old ladies going out to tea. In my opinion, nothing could be worse for an English novelist than to be led by Mr. Connolly's remarks to try to write of tough guys in tough language. Unless he wants snobbishly to follow a fashion, it is totally unnecessary. Miss Compton-Burnett makes English family life seem a far tougher experience than anything that ever happens to gangsters and their molls. Personally I would far rather spend a week carting the corpse around with the characters in Mr. Faulkner's *As I Lay Dying* (Chatto, 7*s.* 6*d.*) than spend Christmas Day with the Edgeworths in Miss Compton-Burnett's book. Incidentally the best American novel I have read in recent years, *The Ladies*, by Stanley Hopkinson, also dealt with the head of a family and his womenkind and avoided the *lingua franca* that so appeals to Mr. Connolly.

* * *

This digression in defence of English life and letters is not the best opening for a comparison of P. G. Wodehouse and James Thurber. In *The Luck of The Bodkins* (Jenkins, 7*s.* 6*d.*), I think Mr. Wodehouse shows signs of being worn out. A funny writer cannot always be equally funny; even a glass of home-brewed is sometimes a bit flat and in this case there is water in the beer. It is a pity, for the raw material is all right—a really heart-warming film star, awful machinations for a Mickey Mouse without which the course of true love never can run smooth—and a ship's steward who is such an improbable bore that whenever he appeared I felt that I must cry out: "Eggs, eggs, damn all eggs," or words to that effect and fly (or flea) to Paris or somewhere where I could be sure *The Luck of The Bodkins* would not pursue me. *Mulliner Omnibus* (Jenkins, 7*s.* 6*d.*) is far better value even to those who have read some of the stories it contains. However much water there is in the last of the wholesome Wodehouse brew, there was October ale and some of the stories told at the Fisherman's Rest were excellent: the tale of the two stammerers for example. At his best Wodehouse is one of the great music-hall clowns—a master of surprising situations and the originator of a certain inimitable patter. But he deals with puppets. He has no inside knowledge, so that his readers never suddenly feel themselves, for example, to be members of the Drones club. For this reason he is a humorist of lower rank than James Thurber.

* * *

Thurber's drawings are sufficiently generalised to be accurate portraits of all his readers; there can be few living persons who can say truthfully: "I am not one of those. Thurber has never drawn me." Thurber's talent is not in thinking of crazy situations, but in convicting each of his readers of being involved in a particular kind of horrible craziness which is the unrecognised background of all our lives. Thurber's life work may be described as the adequate revenge of the American male upon the American female. He has paid off a lot of old scores. Mr. Van Wyck Brooks in *The Ordeal of Mark Twain* (Heinemann, 1922) gave a most interesting account of how and why the American woman came to be the cultural leader and how this ruined a long string of original American writers, of whom Mark Twain was an outstanding example. Thurber has revenged Mark Twain. *Is Sex Necessary, Or Why You Feel the Way You Do*, produced in collaboration with E. B. White (Harpers), was his first and crudest attack. His new collection of stories, *The Middle-aged Man on the Flying Trapeze* (Hamish Hamilton, 7*s.* 6*d*) is far more devastating, though it lacks the concentrated crazy humour of *My Life and Hard Times*. Some of the stories are serious; some are sentimental and I can imagine that some readers, who only want to be convulsed with laughter, will be disappointed. I feel, myself, that it is a definite advance.

* * *

His heroes are the men who can't drive the family car, who can't ask the car salesman the right questions and who, when they do drive, are saved from an appalling smash-up by the wife grabbing at the hand brake. Thurber's picture of marriage is as frightful as that given us by Miss Compton-Burnett in *A House and Its Head*. In the *Private Life of Mr. Bidwell* he describes the disintegrating effects of deep-breathing.

> "Will you please *stop* that?" she said. "It makes me nervous."
>
> "I don't see how that bothers you," he said. "Can't I breathe?"
>
> "You can breathe without holding your breath like a goop," said Mrs. Bidwell.
>
> "Deep breathing," said Mr. Bidwell, in the impatient tone he used when explaining anything to his wife, "is good exercise. You ought to take more exercise."
>
> "Well, please don't do it around me," said Mrs. Bidwell, turning again to the pages of Mr. Galsworthy. . . .
>
> Mr. Bidwell, bored as usual, was sitting in a far corner of the room, breathing normally. His wife was talking animatedly with Beth Williamson about negligees. Suddenly her voice slowed and an uneasy look came into her eyes: George was up to something. She turned around and sought him out. To anyone but Mrs. Bidwell he must have looked like any husband sitting in a chair. But his wife's lips set tightly. She walked casually over to him.
>
> "What are you doing?" she demanded.
>
> "Hm?" he said, looking at her vacantly. He gave her a harsh venomous look which she returned.
>
> "What are you *doing*?" she demanded again.
>
> "I'm multiplying numbers in my head, if you must know. . . ."
>
> The curious bond that held them together snapped. . . . George Bidwell lives alone now.

Thurber is, I think, like all great humorists, always more painful than funny. The description of trying to buy a box big enough to hide in is agonising.

DAVID GARNETT

CHINESE ART

Chinese Art. By LEIGH ASHTON and BASIL GRAY. *Faber and Faber.* 21*s.*

The Chinese Eye. By CHIANG YEE. With preface by S. I. HSIUNG. *Methuen.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

"Mr. Ashton," says the publisher, "is Assistant Keeper in the Department of Ceramics, Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington; and Mr. Basil Gray is Assistant Keeper of Oriental Antiquities in the British Museum." But we must not neglect Mr. Chiang—for so, by European usage, he describes himself, reserving the Chinese way of writing his name with the surname first for his title as author and painter—though I expect that he has a special "painter's name" too, according to the Chinese custom. Mr. Chiang's book is in fact entirely about painting. It is the first work in English by a Chinese painter, if we except the historical essay written as a preface to the recent exhibition of modern Chinese paintings by Professor Liu Hai-Su.

Mr. Hsiung, author of the delightfully humorous preface, is the translator of the Chinese play *Lady Precious Stream* which has proved so popular lately. Mr. Chiang makes no pretensions in this brief survey to a complete historical or critical survey of the subject in detail. He divides his book into eight chapters—Introduction, Historical Sketch, Painting and Philosophy, Painting and Literature, Inscriptions, Painting Subjects, etc.

Mr. Chiang's point of view may be taken as typical of that of those educated Chinese who are interested in painting; as such it will have unique interest for the public and for the scholar equally. Moreover, it has humour, not unspiced with malice. He says of a painting by an old master, in his useful chapter on "Inscriptions":

> During the Ch'ing dynasty, this painting came into the keeping of the distinguished art-patron, the Emperor Chien Lung, who added his own (poetic) comment: "I have *already* established beyond doubt that the painting 'Living in Fu-Chun mountain' is a genuine work of Huang Kung-Wang; recently I acquired *this*, a snow scene by Wang Wei." Clearly this inscription of the Emperor's has no intrinsic value. We are grateful to Chien Lung that he encouraged art so freely, but that he composed bad poems and wrote them in a bad style of calligraphy upon our greatest masterpieces we cannot help commenting; we must admit that by a false idea of his own talents he has spoiled most of the good paintings in the Imperial collection. As a contrast with this pointless ostentation of the Emperor's, I should like to show you an inscription of a fine artist and gentleman, Mr. Ti Ping-tzu. Although it is a piece of semi-humorous prose, one may read it as a poem, and it moves us like a jester in tears.

I will not quote the amusing inscription by Mr. Ti Ping-tzu, which occurs on the mount of a painting by the great seventeenth century artist, "Old Lotus." But I have seen a landscape by Mr. Ti, which I thought very good. He is a connoisseur and artist, and is still alive. His landscape was a free interpretation of the style of the above-mentioned Huang Kung-Wang (fourteenth century) about whom I feel sure he knows far more than the late Emperor ever did. The seventeenth century artist "Old Lotus" is hardly known in Europe at all. Not so very long ago, many students thought that no paintings of so late a date were worth serious thought. I imagine that the reproduction in Mr. Chiang's book of the painting on the mount of which Mr. Ti wrote his charming poem is the first example that has appeared in a European book. A few serious scholars, however, among them Mr. Arthur Waley, have for some time been pointing out that since the paintings of the Classic Ages of Art in China have so largely disappeared, it would be wise if Europeans paid a little more attention to those of more recent times. Mr. Basil Gray, Mr. Waley's successor at the British Museum, and part-author of *Chinese Art*, has recently followed this plan. The results have been excellent. Mr. Gray has, for instance, given prominence, at the Exhibition of Chinese Paintings now being held at the British Museum, to a beautiful painting formerly languishing under a false name but now rightly attributed to a certain Wang-Wu. It is dated 1662. It forms plate 121 of his and Mr. Ashton's book.

Chinese painting is a subject which has suffered terribly from the snobbism of the European collector who insists at all costs on trying to obtain works by famous masters of the thirteenth century and earlier. There is no harm in the accumulation of more or less interesting copies which results, but for those who are interested in trying to arrive at an estimate of the qualities of genuine autograph works, scholars and students who have little opportunity to buy paintings themselves, the situation is distressing. It is made worse by the difficulty of getting photographic reproductions. Very good examples of these, in collotype, are issued very cheaply in China; but owing to the peculiarities of museum organisation, and the lack of interest on the part of the book-trade in these paper-bound volumes which are thought, probably wrongly, not to be likely to attract buyers, very few of them are to be found even in the British Museum. Many of the reproductions in Mr. Chiang's book are taken from such publications, and the results are very interesting. Mr. Gray himself has recently arrived at the conclusion that a painting formerly supposed to be by "Old Lotus" (see above) and now on view in the exhibition recently opened in the British Museum Print Gallery, which is published by him in the present work, is probably a forgery, largely by reference to one of these Chinese books of reproductions, which he had not previously had the chance seeing, but which was shown to him through the good offices of Mr. Chiang. A comparison of the paintings in the two books under review will be of great interest, I think, to those who wish to know what a forged Chinese painting is like. The reproduction in Mr. Chiang's book is unfortunately rather small, but that in Mr. Gray's is excellent. How symbolic, alas, that is! and how unavoidable!

It is, indeed, evident from the choice of reproductions in Mr. Ashton and Mr. Gray's book that they are both in touch with the best opinions and most recent researches in their subject. But more than this; they have shown real originality and have exercised a well-informed personal choice; from the widest and most remote sources they have brought together a series of photographs of things the like of which will not be seen even at Burlington House this week. Both have a wide knowledge of the contents of collections all over Europe and in the Far East too; as museum officials, in spite of the fact that their official facilities for travel are non-existent, they have had the entrée everywhere, and have used it well. A rare stuff from Danzig, a drinking-cup dated 2 B.C. from Leningrad, paintings from Japan, China and America, bronze mirrors from Stockholm, are some of the prizes of their inquisitive research.

Mr. Chiang, it is true, has been able to reproduce paintings from Chinese private collections; perhaps that is the most interesting thing of all; but as I have explained above, Mr. Ashton and Mr. Gray could not do this, not having access to the useful books of reproductions I mentioned, except in one or two cases.

Mr. Ashton's wide experience and taste has, moreover, enabled him to choose specimens even from our museum collections which have previously passed unnoticed or been wrongly described. One of the most beautiful plates in the book (113) shows a porcelain jar at South Kensington, formerly called Korean. I should doubt if any other book published on Chinese art this season will illustrate a specimen of this rare type, which has the demerit, in the eyes of dealers, of not belonging to a class which has become fashionable and expensive.

One feels indeed that one may trust Mr. Ashton and Mr. Gray to show us Chinese art as the disinterested eye of the art-lover and the serious student sees it, in a way that is easy for the non-expert to appreciate. The arrangement of their book helps very much, too. Each of the principal dynasties is represented by a short and interesting introductory text, followed by plates with full criticisms and descriptions printed opposite. It is an ideal system.

W. WINKWORTH

NEW NOVELS

Epitaph on George Moore. By CHARLES MORGAN. *Macmillan.* 5*s.*

The Sun Sets in the West. By MYRON BRINIG. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Her Soul to Keep. By ETHEL COOK ELIOT. *Sheed and Ward.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Dust Over the Ruins. By HELEN ASHTON. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Jew of Rome. By LION FEUCHTWANGER. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

When George Moore died he left instructions that Mr. Charles Morgan should undertake the task of writing his life. It was to be less a biography, he explained, than a biographical novel representing the protagonist at different stages of his evolution. It was, in fact, to do for George Moore, young and old, art-student, *flaneur*, Irish patriot, impassioned votary of melodious English prose, what George Moore would have done himself if he had been able to achieve the requisite degree of detachment—what he had

already attempted to do in his three fascinating autobiographical volumes, *Ave*, *Salve*, *Vale*, and, with more uncertain effect, in *Memoirs of My Dead Life* and the early and fragmentary *Confessions of a Young Man*. It must be "a true novel," he insisted "—based, as far as was humanly possible, upon a novelist's complete knowledge and intuitive understanding of his subject, and told with that indifference to all but aesthetic consequence by which a storyteller is fortified." This project, to which Mr. Morgan devoted much time and thought, encountered the opposition of one of the dead writer's chief legatees, who refused to grant him access to a collection of important private papers. Mr. Morgan has therefore abandoned his original plan and has published instead a brief but very interesting survey of George Moore's character and literary development.

Personally, I cannot feel altogether sorry that the longer and more ambitious project has now been given up. Moore's story—or the significant part of it—is written so large in his finest work that there seems little need for detailed exposition. George Moore was the most disinterested, but he was also the most egocentric, of modern English novelists. Has he not described his growth himself—his callow struggles to emerge from an amorphous and, in some ways, extremely unpromising adolescence, and how it was not for many years that he became the writer, critic and conversationalist of his own imagination? Stylistic maturity he did not achieve till comparatively late in life. Intellectual maturity he never achieved; and Mr. Morgan assures us that to the day of his death, as often as he sat down to compose, he was haunted by the occasional re-emergence of that inferior youthful self which had produced *Mike Fletcher*, *Vain Fortune* and the lamentable volume of verse, *Flowers of Passion*. He would prefer, he announced in his preface to *The Lake*, that if certain books were ever reprinted they should be "issued as the work of a disciple—Amico Moorini . . ." Towards the end of his career, Mr. Morgan was privileged, now and then, to inspect his first tentative drafts:

> They were not the imperfect beginnings of work that was recognizably a master's. A passage would open with excellent quietness and dignity. . . . Then, suddenly, a sentence would appear that seemed to have been interpolated by some flashy writer of novelettes for the lesser magazines of the 'eighties. These drafts could be bad with a virulent badness, with a pretentiousness, a snobbery, a sentimentality, a seemingly hopeless incompetence which, if one had not known that the genius of Moore was waiting to redeem them, would have tempted one to say that they and their author were beyond redemption. . . . The astonishing and significant thing is the persistence of the unregenerate Moore. To the very end of that long life, he had been tutored and whipped and expurgated. He was for ever popping up and writing nonsense. In every book he wrote, George Moore went through the whole process of self-renewal . . .

Moore, in fact, besides the traditional "infinite capacity for taking pains," had an infinite capacity for doing bad work; and one is sometimes inclined to think that a streak of downright badness might be an extremely hopeful sign in the output of many estimable English and American novelists of the present day. Every week brings its haul of talented books; but the impression they leave is flat and stereotyped; and this week, for example, the preponderance of cleverness over originality is particularly marked. *The Sun Sets in the West* and *Her Soul to Keep* are both American novels—both readable but neither of them in the slightest degree moving or disturbing. *The Sun Sets in the West* is a good sociological study of a small American town, formulated according to a familiar recipe. Here are several narratives, each following a different character or stratum of town life. Mr. Brinig introduces us to the Jewish storekeeper, in love with his business, who cannot resist the lure of the travelling salesman; to his wife, who does her best to check her husband's acquisitive tendencies; to their bookish son, who hates commerce and yearns for culture; to a scapegrace *fils de famille*; to a prostitute; to many characters of varying age, sex, condition—all domiciled in Copper City, a rough, ugly, prosperous mining township of the north-west. Mr. Brinig's book will appeal to readers—and they are numerous—who enjoy a dash of sociological uplift between the pages of a modern novel; while *Her Soul to Keep* will find its market among those who enjoy a problem—a meaty human problem—to chew on and slowly digest over the week-end. Miss Eliot writes with a strong Catholic bias. Living in a tiny academic community where life is pure, but thought and speculation are free, the heroine discovers that her adopted daughter is on the point of giving birth to an illegitimate child. It need scarcely be added that her free-thinking friends, confronted with this catastrophe, fail to live up to the advanced principles they have professed among the chintz covers and new books of Lucia's drawing-room. The closing chapters resolve themselves into a nice little Catholic sermon, conveyed not without art, in a pleasantly flowing but somewhat sentimental prose style.

Her Soul to Keep does what it sets out to do—it points a moral; whereas *Dust Over the Ruins*, setting out to evoke an atmosphere, to create a work of art, stops half way; for, although the descriptions of scenery are often excellent, the delineation of human character is less successful. Archaeological expeditions, like long sea-voyages, are apt to impose a serious strain on sensitive nerves; and *Dust Over the Ruins* is the story of how Robin Cary, an impressionable and inexperienced youth, falls desperately in love with the pretty wife of another archaeologist—Evan Meredith, a coarse, boorish, but capable and gallant Welshman—how Valentine plays havoc with the whole camp, how quarrels break out, how Evan and Robin are nearly drowned, and how Valentine returns to Jerusalem, having told Evan that she is with child and explained to Robin that, apart from Evan, she has no real life.

The descriptive passages, as I have already indicated, are remarkably good. This, I believe, is the first time that archaeological field-work has been made the setting of modern fiction; and Miss Ashton's account of the excitement of digging and of the beauty of the landscape is so well done that there is no doubt *Dust Over the Ruins* will have many many successors. . . . *The Jew of Rome* is an historical novel and the second volume of Herr Lion Feuchtwanger's trilogy, dealing with the history of the Jewish race during the reign of Titus. Like everything that Herr Feuchtwanger does, it is extremely competent; but readers may regret the lively pace and invariable picturesqueness of his earlier novels.

PETER QUENNELL

BOOK SHOP

The Book World. By Various Hands. Edited by JOHN HAMPDEN. *Nelson*. 6*s*.

Bemused by the revelation (page 201) that Boots' Library buys over a million books a year, and bewildered by the argument (page 202) that if publishers would only agree to a "reasonable limitation of output . . . almost every book published would be a success," one slips away from this lively symposium wondering

about books and success and success and books, and with a feeling that one has been attending a small but high-powered "lit'ry" sherry-party. It may have been a little confusing. Nearly all the experts were there, all talking, but not much inclined to listen to each other. Still, they were getting a lot of things off their chests (especially the booksellers, who seem to be a chronic Distressed Area in the Book World), which is all to the good. And in listening humbly to their soliloquies, the attentive guest should be able to learn something about the organisation, as complex as a linotype and as chancy as a roulette, by which the ideas of a man at his writing-desk are made visible and marketable, criticised, bought and sold, lent and borrowed, remaindered and pulped.

The book appears to have come into being as a result of a conference held in Oxford last year under the auspices of the Publishers' Association and the Associated Booksellers; and by dividing the labour amongst eleven experts, who write on their several zones of expertness, the editor has contrived to present a comprehensive picture of the present situation in a group of trades and professions which has an influence far wider than might be guessed from its numerical strength or its financial weight. A great many matters are touched upon. But if the book has a fault, inevitable perhaps in its nature, it is that more questions are raised than answered, that nobody has time to go very far into them, and that there is little attempt to reconcile interests which clearly are in opposition but might be more coherently treated.

However, this does not detract from the merits of the individual contributions. The chain is carried through from the Author, through the Literary Agent, to the Publisher; thence, through Book Production to the Reviewer, branching then to the London Bookseller, the Provincial Bookseller, the Public Library and the Circulating Library, with sideway glances at Second-hand Bookselling and the circulation of English Books Abroad. Indeed, there seems to be only one forgotten figure in the process, although in different guises he must constantly haunt the dreams of all these others, their great objective, their darling hope—the Reader. But the omission is pardonable: like the Pedestrian, or the Motorist, he is just a concept.

So, too, I think, is the Author, who is diagnosed rather dolefully at the start by Mr. Frank Swinnerton. His subject, Authorship, was by far the most difficult in the series, because, unless it was treated on a severely delimited, matter-of-fact basis of contracts and rights and how to submit manuscripts or ideas, it was bound to take Mr. Swinnerton wandering amongst the imponderables. And although he shows shrewd skill in pointing out the dangers of the so-called "stunt publishing," he seems to me less happy in his general survey of contemporary forces in literature; and what he means by saying that "the greatest danger from which English authorship now suffers is that arising from fixed ideas imported from the Continent," baffles me.

Mr. Kilham Roberts, of the Society of Authors, distributes praise and doubts to the literary agents, and hopes for everyone's sake that they may soon organise themselves, as publishers and booksellers have done, with a code of rules. The central place in the whole picture is the essay on publishing by Mr. W. G. Taylor, of Messrs. J. M. Dent, reasoned and conservative in tone, and surprisingly informative within its limitations of space. There are countless aspirants to this strangely glamorous vocation, and he does well to remind them of the fact that, out of the quite small numbers employed in the whole business, only perhaps 15 per cent. are at all closely concerned with the definitely literary aspects of publishing. He gives, by the way, a pleasing instance of what "authorship" can come to mean, citing the case of "a living writer who, with the aid of his illustrator, was able to dispose of lamp-shade, table-napkin, and toy rights, amongst others." He is followed by Mr. Wren Howard, of Messrs. Jonathan Cape, who deals with the several and converging processes of book production in a clear, vigorous, even trenchant way. (Some of his remarks might well have been taken to heart by the producers of the present volume.)

Reviewers, so far as I know, are not organised in any association, with or without codes of conduct; if they assemble, it is apt to be merely in the shops where they sell off their unwanted perquisites. For these rugged individualists Mr. Gerald Gould is the spokesman, and they will surely find it gratifying that he has a singularly high opinion of them and their labours.

For the rest, Mr. John Wilson, of Messrs. Bumpus, and Mr. Basil Blackwell, of Oxford, speak with knowledge and wit on their given themes, and Mr. Ainslie Thin of Edinburgh on the dustier topic of second-hand bookselling is illuminating: even there, it seems, individuality is being crowded out by the growth of the specialised, mail-order business—the surviving individualists in the trade are, presumably, being driven into those back-street shops where the books are palpably fifth-, sixth-, or seventh-hand. And the problems of librarians, public and circulatory, are expounded by Mr. Charles Nowell, the Chief Librarian of Manchester, and Mr. F. R. Richardson, of Boots' Library. These last five articles would all have been better if their writers had sharpened their barbs with more actual figures and statistics, as their arguments are for the most part dependent on exact facts. Finally there remains Mr. Stanley Unwin, whose general introductory essay and article on the unfamiliar subject of the sale of English books abroad show once again that he is a master expositor of publishing questions. HAMISH MILES

A MARXIST INTERPRETATION

This Final Crisis. By ALLEN HUTT. *Gollancz.* 6s.

Two years ago Mr. Allen Hutt produced an invaluable survey of British poverty in his *Condition of the Working Classes in Britain*—Engels brought up to date for 1933. He has followed it up by a very useful analysis of the development of British capitalism. It is, of course, a strictly Marxist analysis. He takes three crises of British capitalism, the crisis of the 30's and 40's when the problem was solved by Free Trade, which, as he quite fairly argues, was the alternative to Chartism. The second crisis, which became apparent in the 70's, was solved by Imperialist expansion in Africa and was accompanied by the change from the Free Trade Little Englandism of Cobden's generation to the expansionist Tariff Reform Imperialism of Chamberlain and Rhodes. The third crisis followed the Great War, and Mr. Hutt has an amusing and apt chapter on the variety of contradictory expedients to which British capitalism has resorted to hold its position during the last fifteen years. Marxist analysis does, it is true, involve much over-simplification. But so do other historical interpretations, and I believe that historians, whatever their politics —and they all have politics though they do not always admit it —must agree that Marx and Engels have proved more realistic analysts and better historical prophets than the more orthodox historical writers in the nineteenth century.

Mr. Hutt writes vigorously and well. He has not altogether got over the unscientific habit (to which Marxists are particularly prone, though their philosophy should surely save them from it) of attributing malicious motives to people who are after all, according to Marxian analysis, only doing what as representatives of their class they were forced to do by circumstances. One is conscious in the last chapters of this book that while the Marxist interpretation does much to explain the general trend of events over a long period, it may be by itself a very insecure guide to political action. Sure that they are more right than other people about the long run significance of world events, Marxists have a stultifying habit of refusing to admit their fallibility in applying the economic interpretation of history to the complexities of current events and hiding the fact that as tacticians they have scored no successes since Lenin made brilliant use of the exceptional circumstances of Russia in 1917. The drift towards Fascism and war which Mr. Hutt discusses at the end of this book is as real and as dangerous as he suggests. His account of the inadequacy of Social Democracy since the war is also justified, but he would have written more persuasively if he had explained why the Communist Party, which in his view has alone preached the true doctrine, has failed so lamentably to make any impression in this country. His book will make Marxists, but not give them any idea of what to do to gain the victory for Socialism. K. M.

THE OXFORD PHILOSOPHER

Essays in Ancient and Modern Philosophy. By H. W. B. JOSEPH, M.A., F.B.A. *Oxford University Press.* 15s.

Mr. Joseph is *the* Oxford Philosopher. To read his writings is to gain a real insight into the Oxford philosophical tradition. Six of the twelve essays in this volume are concerned to analyse Plato's Republic, and Aristotle's Nichomachean Ethics, the two set books of the "Greats" School: five of these six deal in detail with Plato's ethical and political doctrines. A casual reader might be surprised that Oxford continues to base the education of our future statesmen upon the writings of the greatest opponent of democracy. Plato, the advocate of the totalitarian

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MONDAY DECEMBER 2

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JONATHAN CAPE THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE LONDON

State, of military education, and of the rigid denial of political power to the owners of property, has become the staple diet of the English ruling classes in their most impressionable years. The Marxian critic will have an easy explanation of this fact, but he will be wrong. It is not the Englishman who has been moulded by Plato, but Plato by the Englishman. Decades of exegesis have sufficed to make Plato respectable until Mr. Joseph can claim that if Plato is accused of sacrificing the individual to the State " the charge can be borne with equanimity." The fate which befell Marx in Russia has befallen Plato in Oxford. The sacred writings have been interpreted to suit the tastes of the age, until we can rest assured that Plato was after all, in the *finest* sense of the word, a democrat.

To achieve this remarkable transformation it was of course necessary to disregard " the historical accidents " of Plato's life and to concentrate only upon the " eternal truths " enshrined in his writings. No reader of Mr. Joseph's essays who did not know the Republic would gather from them that Plato held violent and controversial political opinions, or that he took an active part in politics. The Oxford tradition is not concerned with politics but with truth, and this strenuous disregard of the concrete problems of everyday life runs through all Mr. Joseph's work. To him the historical environment is useful only as affording convenient instances of eternal truths. When Mr. Joseph compares the building of the politeia to the formation of the Salvation Army, he does not mean us to take seriously the fascinating historical parallel which he suggests, or to develop a comparison of Booth and Plato. He merely finds the Salvation Army an instance of the eternal truth of Plato's tripartite division of soul and state. Oxford offers to her undergraduates a rarefied but intriguing Platonism which can be easily adapted to any modern political belief. The study of Plato becomes a mental discipline of almost mathematical abstractness, instead of the political education which Plato intended.

This discipline is intensified by Mr. Joseph's style. His analysis of the Republic is a great deal stiffer reading than the Republic itself. Each sentence is built up with the precision and tortuous majesty of a legal document. The effort at all costs to avoid ambiguity (common to so much of Oxford philosophy) produces an effect of titanic obscurity. No one who has a taste for the bizarre can fail to be charmed, though he may hesitate to read far. Here is a comparatively simple instance :

> So in deliberation it is a question whether I can bring about some end desired, say my election to some office. I ask, if what were brought about should I be elected, and that if what, and so forth.

And here is a real teaser :

> No doubt also there is a real difficulty in reconciling whether the admittedly close connection between both spirit and appetite and the body with their continued presence in the soul after its separation from the body, or the view that soul is the principle of life in all organisms with the view that it is a tenant of the body, a " sojourner in the flesh."

To study Mr. Joseph's style is to see both the strength and the weakness of Oxford philosophy as an educational discipline. It affords to the future civil servant or lawyer an unrivalled training in precision of phrase and elucidation of phraseology. Anyone who has really mastered this book will have a mind ready to expose loose thinking and short-cuts in arguments : he will in fact be a champion debunker of wordy nothings. But he will not be equipped with any understanding of the social problems of his own or Plato's world, nor will he have gained much insight into the real movements of scientific thought. He will have learnt not to understand problems but to expose fallacies. Not one of his deep-seated prejudices or presuppositions will have been touched, though certain rationalisations of them will have been shown to contain contradictions. But he will have been armed with a dialectical skill sufficient to destroy the arguments of anyone he may chance to meet.

For all its virtues, this education harbours one peculiar danger. The thinkers who discover important truths express them often in slipshod language. Too often the Oxford philosopher believes that he has proved new discoveries to be nonsense by exposing the inconsistencies of their expression. No one doubts, for instance, that much modern psychology is ill thought out. After all, it is a new science struggling with an old terminology. But psychology is Mr. Joseph's pet aversion, and he can write that " we may still turn more profitably to the Republic than to most modern works of psychology, if we would understand how the soul acts." I have a high esteem for Plato, and I cannot think Plato would have agreed with Mr. Joseph. Plato's own psychological observations upon which he based his class-divisions were amateur guess-work : his belief that you can divide men into three types was a hasty generalisation, based chiefly on an aristocratic prejudice against farmers and artisans. He would have been the first to admit that the knowledge of how men behave, which psychology tries to attain, must help us to know " how the soul acts," to use Mr. Joseph's own phrase. To inculcate a belief that accuracy of thought is the sole necessity for the philosopher is to make philosophy a reactionary force. Accurate expression is only possible where ideas are well tried or even dead. Dialectic may successfully defend an outworn principle against a new truth. It is no mere fancy for this reason to suggest that " Greats " at Oxford still exerts a strongly conservative influence upon English public life.

Be that as it may, Mr. Joseph's essays are an example of Oxford Philosophy at its best. Anyone who criticises them will find the discipline of refuting Mr. Joseph extremely salutary. It will do the radical and the psychologist no harm to explain to Mr. Joseph upon what grounds they so violently disagree with him. If *Essays in Ancient and Modern Philosophy* are not great philosophy, they are a fine philosophical whetstone—and that is the next best thing.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

The Unsugared Pill

When Bernard Partridge does a drawing of Mr. Baldwin in glittering armour the patriotic readers of *Punch* sit back and smile complacently, for they like to imagine that Mr. Baldwin spends his time slaying dragons.

So-called nice people—that is to say people who read *Punch* and then present it to the hospital—would find *1936* extremely disconcerting. But then it is not intended for nice people. Whatever anybody might say about the drawings of James Fitton, James Boswell and James Holland they could never be accused of being nice. If any one of the brilliant drawings in this Diary were to appear in *Punch* there would be Batemanesque scenes of disapproval from Bath to Bangalore—not to mention Bouverie Street. These three James's, whose work is familiar to readers of the *Left Review*, have little respect for moral boundaries and do not give a damn for gentlemanly restraint. When a certain type of Englishman wishes to mention a delicate subject he takes cover under the French language ; but it would be quite impossible to produce a special edition of this work for that squeamish public, since the drawings speak for themselves in a language that is universally understood. But there is another prevalent type of Englishman who, though superficially progressive, is liable to take up the attitude that " things aren't as bad as they were twenty years ago and anyhow they're much worse on the Continent." It is to him that *1936* should be dedicated, and he should receive a presentation copy.

It would be unwise to make any attempt at describing the drawings in detail. Big Business, Charity, the British Raj, the Upper Ten and the Police Force all receive their fair dose of this unsugared pill. The make-up of the book is original. It is printed on pale blue and pale pink paper, and the colours change after every eight pages. These coloured papers give it an air of mock-gentility, as though it were masquerading as the family autograph album, and heighten the already devastating effect of the satire.

Interleaved with the drawings is a diary-engagement book, so that you can mix instruction with business, and at the end are reprinted fifteen of the " ml " advertisements which have helped, this last twelve months, to make *The New Statesman* famous. Price 2*s*. We have called this Cartoon-Calendar, *1936*.

MARTIN LAWRENCE ml LIMITED 33 GREAT JAMES STREET, W.C.1

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL

Personal Pleasures. By ROSE MACAULAY. *Gollancz*. 7*s*. 6*d*.
Private and Confidential. Edited by BRIAN GRAYSON. *Grayson*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

My first feeling about Miss Macaulay's new book was that it did not come off at all. These ejaculatory " pieces " on reading, going to the cinema, eating and drinking, cows, bulls, parties, doves in the chimney, and so on, seemed to light no spark. Forced, whimsical, " clever "—or even " smart " : an entertainment with damp fireworks : that was the impression. One said to oneself wearily : " At it again ! " But now, on closer acquaintance, I cannot imagine what I was thinking of.

Or rather, I was thinking, unjustifiably, of *The Minor Pleasures of Life*, Miss Macaulay's masterpiece, and indeed her only complete work—most distinctly *her* work, though she did not write a

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HUTCHINSON

line of it, except the headings. *Personal Pleasures*, by its title and form, leads one to expect something similar: but no. It is simply another fragment of the "work in progress" which Miss Macaulay has been turning out, under various disguises of fiction, etc., all along—namely, *The Life and Opinions of Rose Macaulay*. And taken as a fragment it is most charming; I should like to mention especially some pages of absolute enchantment from Miss Macaulay's childhood in Italy, and three bathing scenes, all different and all lovely. Then there is the wit we expect, and the learning, carried so lightly that one almost fails to notice it.

How nice it would be if Miss Macaulay were one day to give us the *complete* "work in progress"—the *Life and Opinions* without disguise! It might take any form it pleased, and would, of course, be compiled largely from the fragments already published; and I for one should not care how long it was.

Private and Confidential is a volume of letters, exchanged between two middle-aged or elderly friends, "Adrian" on the Riviera, and "Mericia" in England, throughout the year 1932–3. There is a preface by Mr. Brian Grayson, lamenting (as usual) the extinctness of the letter-writer, and attributing it (as usual) largely to the telephone. I do not believe in this extinctness; what about, for example, the excellent letters of the late "Peter Warlock"? (I wish Mr. Cecil Gray would give us a book of them). And one may well doubt whether any decline there may be is the work of the telephone; it would be more plausible to blame the penny (or three-halfpenny) post. However, the public *is*, nowadays, kept rather short of letters, and those of Adrian and Mericia make very good reading, in spite of the writers' commonplace though highly "cultured" minds, and of the fact that Adrian gradually reveals himself as the kind of man who makes one's blood boil. The chief effect of giving *both* sides of a correspondence is to stress, rather ludicrously, the element of politely veiled but eager self-display. Towards the end of the book we are plunged, most unexpectedly, into an affair of Mericia's with a Russian *émigré* younger than herself; if this conclusion has been touched up for literary effect, it shows great self-sacrifice on the part of Adrian, who plays a very ungrateful, indeed absurd, role in it. Genuine or not, the episode was a relief to me; for by that time enough "culture" had been provided. K. JOHN

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JEW BAITING

Anti-Semitism Throughout the Ages. By COUNT HEINRICH COUDENHOVE-KALERGI. *Hutchinson*. 18s.

We Jews. By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY. *Chapman and Hall*. 8s. 6d.

However seductive the persecution of the Jews may have been to those wavering on the edge of the Nazi movement, it has united both Jew and Christian all over the world against the political aspirations and methods of modern Germany. Jewry was never stronger. But the unity of the Jews is likely to be more formidable and lasting than the flattering pro-Jewish emotions of the Christian world. If anti-Semitism is historically ignorant besides being ludicrous and dishonest, it is still one of the more easily inflamed private and mass emotions. Neither the self-congratulatory idealism of the all-men-are-brothers type, nor the uncomfortable common-sense attitude implied in the phrase: "A Jew? One of my best friends is a Jew," can smooth away some very real Jewish problems in politics and private relationships.

The Jews were despised, says Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, because they were not a nation, but now that Zionism has made them conscious of nationhood they are hated. Jews were hated, persecuted and massacred for their religion when Europe was dominated by the churches; and they are hated for their nationhood and race now Europe has become nationalist and obsessed by racial delusion.

The situation is not fundamentally different in America. Not all the Jews have melted in the melting pot. Mr. Sokolsky has written an interesting book on the difficulties of the American Jew and at least disposes of the most popular lie: that the Jews have a financial and professional monopoly. The proportion of Jews in finance is minute and is even less in big industry. And the Jews are unobtrusively prevented from entering certain schools and from rising to the top in the professions, just as they are excluded by tacit social feeling from certain residential areas. Mr. Sokolsky's book is too slight and anecdotal to be very valuable, but he is obviously right in attributing the "dirty Jew" mania to the early religious education of children. They are conditioned by the way in which the life of Jesus is recounted to respond with a conventional political hatred when they come upon the Jewish minority, and will credit them with just the same kind of viciousness which is attributed from time to time, with equal lack of foundation, to the Jesuits and the Freemasons.

Count Coudenhove-Kalergi observes more profoundly that:—

> Just as the primitive nations were in the habit of personifying the powers of nature, virtues, vices and so forth, which shows the strong polytheistic trait in human nature, so uneducated people even to-day still personify their joys and sufferings—the origin of which they were unable to imagine otherwise than anthropomorphically—by attributing them to certain men or communities.

His book goes very thoroughly into the history of anti-Semitism. An Austrian Catholic and distinguished diplomat, he writes mainly to destroy one by one the extraordinary prejudices of Catholic anti-Semites. He died before finishing the book, and it has been completed with less erudition but greater incisiveness by his son. His solution of the Jewish problem is assimilation for the Western Jew and Zionism—but not Palestine, where, by a cruel irony, the Jew is once more a minority—for the Eastern. The apologists of anti-Semitism protest that they are not persecutors of religion, but are moved by political reasons; and Count Coudenhove-Kalergi easily out-argues them on their grotesque history. But there is confusion here. Anti-Semitism is, as Catholics are beginning to see, merely the weapon of an attack upon all religion, because it is now entirely political in object. There is reason to suspect the devout Count of believing that the Apostle Paul, who effected the breach between Christianity and Judaism—which had lived amicably together for a generation in the synagogue—has a greater responsibility for anti-Semitism than Constantine, who began the persecutions. But dislike of the rite of circumcision existed among pagans before Paul.

On the question of sources, the Count is exhaustive; but he is equally good on the history of the common charges against the Jews. If a Jew is greedy in usury, no one protests that usury was unknown to the Jews until the twelfth century when the Christians obliged them to take up the profession. No one points out that the Jews became an urban people because they were forbidden to hold land. Accused of physical cowardice, they were for centuries forbidden to bear arms and the immense courage of their martyrdoms, so damning to Christianity, are forgotten. They are charged with parasitism in everything from art downwards when they were prevented from being anything else but parasites.

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As for their political affiliations, one can judge the level of justice in a country by the political leanings of its Jews. Russia under the Tsar produced Jewish Marxists, but the Jews in England have usually had rather Conservative political views. The strong Messianic vein in the Jewish nature naturally leads them to those causes which strive for justice.

There is a case against the Jews, but it is the case against every obtrusive minority—it is the case against Ulster, or the excellent Parsis. A course of Jewish humour translated from Yiddish popular literature might do more to ease the passage of the case than the preaching of civilisation seems capable of doing alone. The younger Count fears that the migration to Palestine or the highlands of Angola may be as disastrous as the Crusades. His joint book is one of the many which, in correcting the interested lies of history, may help to civilise our primitive polytheism.

V. S. PRITCHETT

A NEW LIFE OF DE QUINCEY

De Quincey. By MALCOM ELWIN. *Duckworth.* 2s.

It is a scandalous number of years since much attention was paid to this one of England's greatest stylists, and Mr. Elwin's little book, while not pretending to do more than sketch the outline of his life and indicate the quality of his fascination as a writer, does this as well as possible. It fully supplants Masson's dull and ill-written monograph, not to speak of Japp's impossible biography (both written in the last century). Mr. Elwin writes well and not only knows his subject thoroughly, but loves it as well—an absolute desideratum in a biographer of De Quincey, as he points out on the first page. The tiny man's charm, his extraordinary presence, his still more extraordinary life, are all exposed in a clear and interesting manner. There is one mistake of fact: in enumerating the "Constituents of Happiness," which De Quincey drew up for himself during his Oxford period, Mr. Elwin gives the ninth as "a vast predominance of content"—thus correcting the last word, which Japp nonsensically rendered as "contempt." The right reading, however, is "contemplation," since the passage continues ". . . varied with only so much of action as the feelings may prompt by way of relief and invigoration to the faculty of [contemplation]." Again, Mr. Elwin, in his account of De Quincey's opium-eating, makes the astonishing—and to my mind quite wild—assertion that he used opium, at the time of his marriage, as an aphrodisiac, and that, moreover, De Quincey hints as much in his autobiographical writings. A diligent search over ground which I happen to know exceptionally well has failed to discover any such hint, which is in any case rendered unlikely by the fact that opium has exactly the opposite effect, especially on men. Apart from these small points, the book deserves nothing but praise.

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Abyssinian Adventure. By GEOFFREY HARMSWORTH. *Hutchinson* 12s. 6d.

Much of the spice of this often entertaining book is provided by the fact that Mr. Geoffrey Harmsworth was sent out to East Africa by the *Daily Mail* and with the blessing of Mussolini. It was all to be a great coup for the *Daily Mail* who, as champions of the Fascist cause, were to be the first to have a correspondent with the Italians and to report on their preparations and efficiency. After shattering experiences of their inefficiency, at least as far as he was concerned, Mr. Harmsworth escaped with great difficulty from his Italian patrons and censors and made his way into Abyssinia, where he became an intimate friend of the Emperor, who was as sensible as the Italian Generals were idiotic. Whereas he was allowed to see nothing and not even to report that from Italian territory, he was given good opportunities of observing for himself in Abyssinia, and discovered there much to admire as well as much that was barbaric. He came back to write a book which tells us more of Abyssinia than we should have expected a correspondent to pick up in a short stay. We easily understand why he wants to go back to Abyssinia. His book is full of amusing incidents: few people who have taken part in a big game hunt are as modest or truthful as Mr. Harmsworth on his experience of elephant shooting. He writes vividly and well and his book must be about as pleasing to the *Daily Mail* as a banana skin to the man who falls on it.

The China Year Book, 1935. Edited by H. G. W. WOODHEAD, C.B.E. *Simpkin Marshall.* 42s.

This is the seventieth issue of the *China Year Book*, and to say that it is as good as its predecessors is to give it very high praise indeed. It is reduced in bulk, but all the essential matter—political, economic, geographical and sociological—is contained, so far as we can see, in its 600 odd pages. Journalists, publicists, students and the man in the street will be grateful to Mr. Woodhead and his collaborators for a first-rate reference book.

Men and Deeds. By JOHN BUCHAN. *Peter Davies.* 10s. 6d.

In this collection of scattered essays, monographs and lectures, Mr. Buchan gives us something more than a taste of his quality as biographer and historian. He opens with his lecture on those fascinating futilities the "Ifs" of history, and thereafter ranges from his brief but brilliant biography of Caesar to his illuminating study of Lord Rosebery; from a consideration of Gordon's life and death in the Sudan to a swift note on Montrose as illustrating the essentials of leadership; from a vivid story of the massacre of Glencoe to a paper on the Kirk in Scotland. Mr. Buchan is so skilled and attractive a narrator that one has to be wary with him. But if he renders more to Caesar than is Caesar's due; is more lenient to Gordon's waywardness than he should be; is a little blind to the fact that for all his fine qualities Rosebery was a confirmed dilettante; it is perhaps well that a disgruntled generation should be given a dose of hero-worship as a corrective to its cynical distemper.

Handel. By C. F. ABDY WILLIAMS. *Dent.* 4s. 6d.
Wagner. By R. L. JACOBS. *Dent.* 4s. 6d.

By the time that this series was ripe for revision the first of these two was over-ripe, say the publishers, and by over-ripe they mean too full of errors. It is difficult to commend their effort to graft the apple back on to the tree, however. Mr. Blom has been instructed to correct errors by removal or by adding material within squared brackets. Sometimes he adds a footnote to an omission or to a bracket, and sometimes he places a removed passage at the foot of the page so that it "may help to explain the attitude of many nineteenth-century musicians towards Handel's instrumental works, difficult as it is to understand. No doubt the fact that Handel composed pasticcios has guided the publishers in their decision. Mr. Blom has done his best, though there is little he can do except refer to Professor Dent and Mr. Newman Flower. Nevertheless, the result is an accurate account of Handel's life and will serve even if it may not delight. There are some very useful appendices. Mr. Jacob's volume is a very different matter, being wholly new. There must have been many times when the author despaired of condensing so vast a body of material, and here and there his effort seems unduly hurried. It is none the less a book of distinct merit and would do service as an introduction to Wagner with more than adequacy. One feels nervous about a musical taste which can

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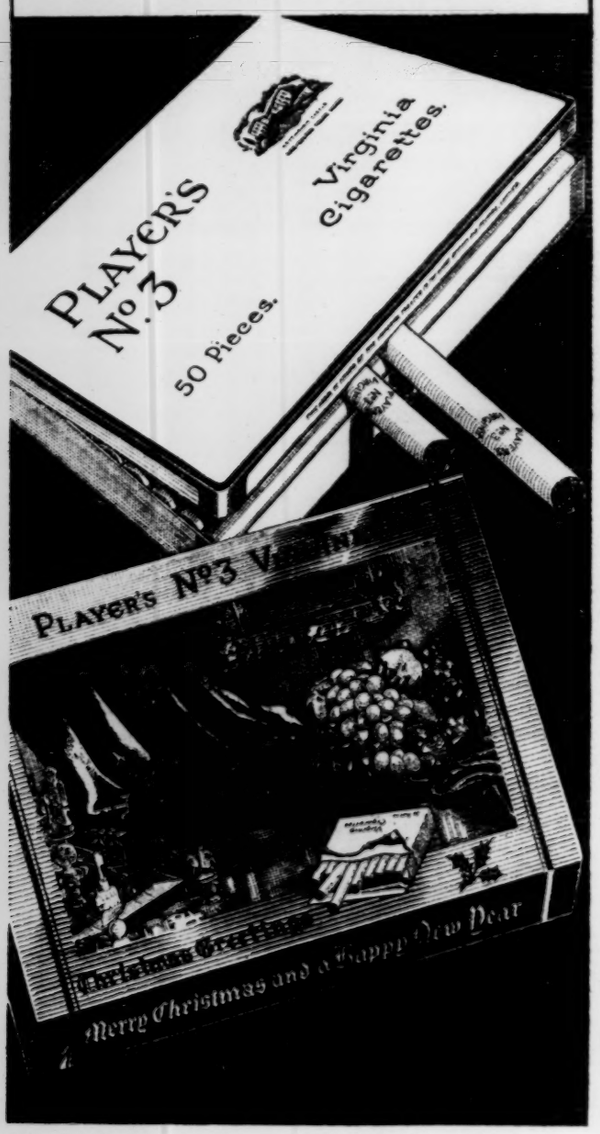

call his third quotation from Lohengrin "a sweet tune," yet his outline of Wagner's development and general appraisal of his music is both sound and interesting. Appendices and bibliography again add value to a commendable volume.

Week-end Competitions

No. 298

Set by Norman Collins

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best complete ghost story in under 200 words. Competitors might bear in mind that microscopic classic in which a nervous old lady going to bed in a haunted house locks the door, bars the window, and extinguishes the light, only to hear a small voice behind her saying, "Now we're locked in for the night."

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, December 6,
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 296

Set by Cyril Connolly

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best description of a really terrible dinner at an English hotel in the style of the "Memorable Meals" recorded in *Wine and Food*, the gastronomical quarterly. The dinner must be described by the fare and the wines separately and as many faults of English cooking, service, and cellarship should be brought out as possible, either innocently or ironically. To give you some idea of the treatment, I quote M. Simon on a claret of 1858: "It was just a perfect bottle of the most perfect wine imaginable; so great and yet so simple, so gentle, so getatable; on the very brink of the grave, of course, but unafraid and with the quiet majesty of the sun that has all but left a cloudless sky and will in another second or two have disappeared into the sea."

Report by Cyril Connolly

The small number of entries for this competition showed that it was rather too elaborate—perhaps also, that very few people really notice what they eat. The idea of it was to bring out two things—the mixture of ignorance, inefficiency and self-satisfaction which one comes across in English hotels, and also the extraordinary way in which people write about food in England. A lingering puritanism makes people ashamed of writing about food and drink in a natural manner. The subject has to be elevated and justified by constant allusions to literature, quotations from poetry, and anecdotes. There are cookery books in which one searches in vain among Shakespeare on herbs and Walton on syllabubs for the right way to poach an egg.

This is especially noticeable among the high priests of the Wine and Food Society, who, amid the surrounding barbarism, tend to make their cult more and more inaccessible and esoteric, developing a kind of *mystique* of good eating and guarding it with a jealous romanticism. To see what they would make of, for instance, an emu burgundy "in the new easy-grasp flagons," was the object of the competition.

Three answers stand out. Mr. Guy Innes had some brilliant flashes. I liked the episode of the burgundy:

> "Gorbelly-Nave commanded a bottle. 'That's right! Shake it!' He sneered as the waiter stumbled. 'Cer'n'ly, sir,' said the waiter—and shook it like a pepper castor . . . it was perfectly balanced, the bouquet very fine, but the body and flavour and farewell equal to the bouquet. With worthier adjutants it could have sunk into silence languidly like a tune into a tune."

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I give the first prize to Mr. d'Avigdor Goldsmid, who has perfectly caught the style and whose meal is a seven-and-sixpenny nightmare, and the second prize to Mr. Antony Powell for a "straight" description of one of those seedy rural episodes at which he is a master.

FIRST PRIZE

MEMORABLE MEALS

THE PLACE: Station Hotel, West Loathly.
THE HOST: Myself.
THE GUESTS: Colonel Albert Waterpark, Father Austin Coghlan, Edouard Roditi.
THE FARE: Crème Cornelius Vanderbilt.
Cabillaud Maître d'Hotel.
Emincé de Mouton Escoffier,
Pommes A. J. A. Symons.
Greens Rothschild.
Trifle.
THE WINES: Sherry Olorososo 1935
Graves type.
Claret Château Cheval Boiteux (1927 ?)
Port Ruby flavour (decanted).

The sherry, a 1935, was served before dinner instead of cocktails, for they find no place in the Station Hotel; it had all the warmth and much of the flavour of a matured Turkey rug. The soup, which accompanied it, was made from an old American recipe, which one of our party had encountered at a dinner served by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's French cook to the German Ambassador on August 11th, 1914. The substratum of beef tea had been slightly thickened according to this recipe (which is to be found in a recently published book entitled *Kinz Lehr and the Gilded Age*), warm water added and the whole left to cool for twenty-two minutes before serving. Though our banquet was in a sense a cosmopolitan one, this was the sole contribution to it from across the Atlantic; we now called in the old world to redress the balance of the new.

The fish course had taxed the resources of our kitchen to the uttermost—nor had we disdained the assistance of the adjoining London and North-Eastern Railway. Genuine grit from Darlington added just a note of solidity and seriousness to the tenebrous moisture of the sauce, so that in comparison the rest of the meal tasted almost flat. The partially heated and slightly sooty plates on which the fish was served provided a striking contrast to the dying chrysanthemums which decorated the table, and the Graves, though an interesting wine (particularly from the medical standpoint), lacked the poise and well-nigh sacramental status of those that were yet to come.

According to the old and well-tried custom of the Station Hotel, we now had an interval of eighteen minutes, and this gave time for our glasses to be removed and to be well scoured with old Brown Windsor before being re-presented for the claret. This wine of an eminently post-phylloxera vintage had been stood in boiling water for an hour before serving, with the result that it was unfortunately unidentifiable. Nevertheless, from the drops of steam which condensed on the lip of the glass, one of our number opined that it would in any case have been difficult to place. It was a wine of real character, malicious, ignorant and duodenal and it lost none of its ungainly prosody through being served at blood-heat. Our palates melted by its ambit, we could now fully appreciate the entrée. With it was served just a suspicion of the tepid dish water in which it had been stewed, and this was pungently introduced into the vegetables that accompanied it.

"Vaster than empires and more slow
My vegetable love shall grow"

quoted Colonel Waterpark appositely, though whether in reference to the food, the service or the size of the helpings it would be difficult to say.

And so we passed to what we all agreed was the ablest vehicle for the virtuosity of our "maître cuisinier" and the one that gave rise to the most speculation amongst us, the trifle. Rightly did he refuse to disguise it under any other name: indeed, the oleaginous custard, laced with train oil and stiffened with stale sponge cake, would not find its peer in any of the so-called first-class restaurants of Europe.

Said Father Coghlan, "Doubtless God could have made a better Berry, but doubtless He never did," but even this great wine-merchant could not have produced the port which crowned this memorable meal, crowning it with the grace of a chaplet as with the majesty of a diadem. It was a fitting culmination to a wonderful evening, a culmination not arbitrarily imposed but growing naturally out of what had preceded it, resembling not the climax of a detective story but the dying fall of "La Recherche du Temps Perdu." Breeding had succeeded to breeding, elegance to elegance, and now in the last stage we could not but think of this unique wine in the terms of Crashaw's translation of the Latin epigram on the Miracle of Cana:

"The conscious water saw its God and blushed."

It should be blushing still. . . .

H. J. D'AVIGDOR-GOLDSMID

SECOND PRIZE

The black-and-white half-timber of the place moved me tremendously and I went inside. "Can I wash my hands?" I asked the tall, athletic man who stood under the notice saying that the hotel was licensed to

LIFE AND LETTERS TO-DAY

Edited by Robert Herring and Petrie Townshend.

LIFE AND LETTERS, which was founded in 1928 and edited by Mr. DESMOND MAC CARTHY, is now published as a Quarterly from 26, Maiden Lane, W.C.2, under the title of LIFE AND LETTERS TO-DAY. *The Editors are* Robert Herring *and* Petrie Townshend.

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A CHRISTMAS PRESENT WITH A FUTURE

2/6

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sell wines and spirits. "Why, yes," he said, "that is if you are staying for luncheon. There is a basin in the yard and the tap above it has just been mended." I said: "That's an Old Dotheboys tie you're wearing, isn't it?" He agreed, and consented to accept a drink. *I* ordered sherry, but *he* took something from a labelless bottle containing a liquid similar in colour to the stain, shaped like the map of Abyssinia, that divided the tablecloth between us. The waiter, a character from a Powys novel, put soup in front of me. Mine Host said: "You'll find this place changed. Before I came, chop and chips were the staple fare." "Iced soup is certainly a rarity in the country," I replied, "but for my part I will go on to the fish course." He gave me a searching look and I drank off my sherry at a gulp. It was an angular penetrating wine with more body than I was used to, but sweet and potent withal. I said: "You must have been at the Hall when Smike made 300 against Harrow." Without a trace of side he answered: "I was Smike's fag." And he added genially: "Perhaps it would be wiser to give that plaice a miss. Monday is a bad day for fish and the left-hand side is a very bright blue." I scarcely heard him, for I was deep in the wine list deciding between an Empire Burgundy and a bottle of Château Malfoutueux. The French wine won the day. "I'll take the chill off, sir," smiled the waiter and brought a bucket of water, some of which he splashed on my hand but caused only a slight scald. "I always prefer a leg myself," said Mine Host as he watched my efforts with the chicken, and to my query with regard to the small saucer of white material beside me, he answered: "Bread sauce," as he took a piece of cork from my glass with his thumb. The cabinet pudding was all that a cabinet pudding can be. "You must try some of our Tawny Wine, Port Flavour," Mine Host added. "Not till I've sampled some of that cheese," I said, "I collect silver paper." When the bill came I said: "Do you mind a cheque? I've only got a pound on me." He said: "There's a rule against it—but perhaps from another Old Dotheboy. . ." In the nursing home I often remembered his kindness. A. POWELL

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 153.—WRONG NUMBER

When Mrs. Orme went into the nursery the children were playing with the chessmen.

"What are you doing, dears?"

"Why," said Ronnie, "Clara and I were talking about our 'phone number. Clara says it has 32 pairs of factors."

"So it has," said Mrs. Orme, who had worked that out herself. "But why the chessmen?"

"There are thirty-two of those," said Ronnie. "I was putting one back in the box as I worked each pair of factors out. But, mummy, there's something wrong. I've finished my calculations, and there are still these eight black pawns."

Mrs. Orme took a hasty glance at his note-book. "Ronnie," she said, "you are a duffer. You've got the number wrong."

"Got the number wrong?" echoed Ronnie.

"Of course. You wouldn't call yourself Rome, now would you? *What is the Ormes' 'phone number?*"

PROBLEM 151.—LEGGE-PULLAR'S MAJORITY

Legge-Pullar's majority was 12,826, made up of the numbers:

9,801
3,025
12,826

No others fulfil the required conditions.

Marks will be credited to a couple of solvers who misunderstood the meaning of the expression "divided into."

* * *

When I set this problem I overlooked the fact that there are such things as tables of squares. With their aid, the problem can be solved almost at sight. But a number of mathematical experts worked out formulæ for themselves.

PROBLEM 150.—THE MAD HATTERS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: W. A. Caro, West Bridgford Modern School, Nottingham.

Six points are awarded.

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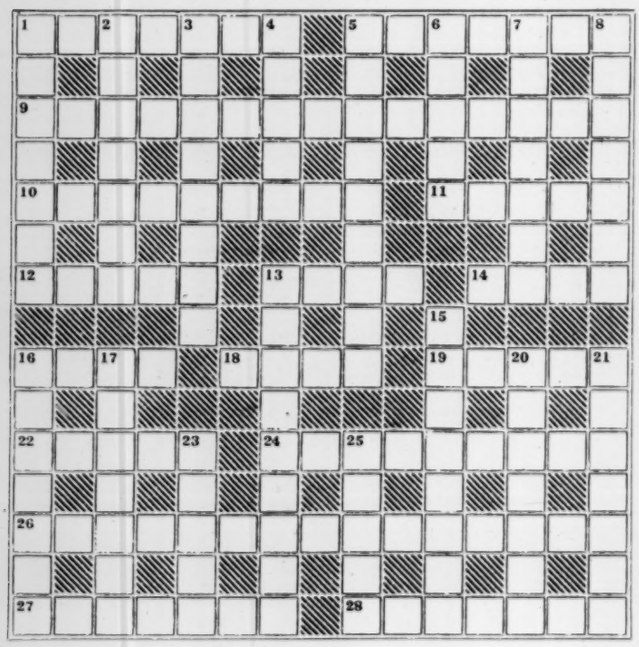
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 299

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
The Rev. A. Hamilton King, St. Barnabas' Homes, Dormans, Surrey.

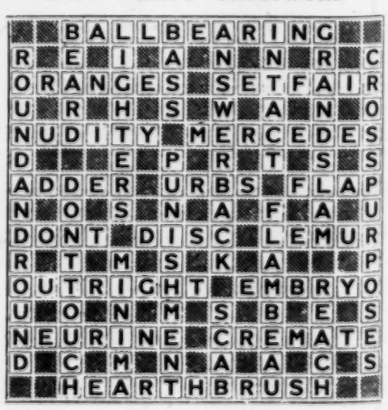
ACROSS.

1. The mouse is indoors, the rabbit out of doors, and the fish in the water.
5. They often undermine 7.
9. Commanding people who get no commission.
10. Every other letter hidden among the fools who envy all but artless innocents.
11. Where the unsuccessful War Lord is apt to end his days.
12. A heap of gravel for the geologist.
13. Comedian's interruption of an ancient king.
14. Tins aren't singular.
16. Would a Classical Army have Latin ones on their laces?
18. Good ones are not farewell cricket scores.
19. O! a Communist.
22. Not quite musketry Miss.
24. How 26 get baptized by 7.
26. When these are 24 there must be 7 about.
27. What 9 do when they are reduced to private life like 26.
28. How the military policeman stops 8.

DOWN.

1. Present present not present in any place.
2. Room for ballads where 5, 9, 16, and 26 may live.
3. Investitures in the field.
4. A tart for the postman.
5. Good constituencies for 16s.
6. Gunners used to do this early service.
7. See 5, 24, and 26.
8. See 28.
13. Produces the *status quo* in the Army.
15. There may be war if one is not kept "Polished."
16. One of 26 who is not a footman.
17. Many 26 were 24 from this in the American Civil War.
20. Surprising 7.
21. What one does after falling in.
23. What 20 used to do on the Border.
25. Vessel to hold a penny jot.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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Chairman: Mr. H. E. Metcalf, M.I.Mech.E., M.I.N.A.
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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

CONCERNING WALL STREET, WASHINGTON AND AMERICA

WHILE I was on the boat returning from New York there happened to be some feverishly active days in Wall Street when common stocks dropped from 2 to 5 points. A friend remarked that American "equities," having enjoyed a rise of nearly 50 per cent. this year, were now in a very vulnerable position and might suffer at any time a "wide-open" break. He justified this statement by pointing out that speculative investors were buying common stocks on the basis of over 30 times 1935 earnings and over 20 times the potential or expected earnings in 1936. I ventured to differ. A reaction up to 10 points seemed to me possible, but not a "wide-open" break. I recalled how the wise men in London were shaking their heads twelve months ago over British ordinary share prices which turned out to be fully justified by the subsequent improvement in earnings or increase in dividends. The miracle of a trade recovery is now accepted by every doubting Thomas in Wall Street except a few who call themselves the "cinched cats" of the 1929 slump and are fearful of being caught again. (It is almost certain that the "cinched cats" will enter the market just when it is about to break.) The miraculous recovery assumed, the market must inevitably pursue an upward zig-zag course until a major external or political event—such as heavy liquidation from Europe or some new interference from Washington—calls a halt. In the meantime the reactions on Wall Street are likely to be moderate, partly because of the restrictions upon short-selling, partly because of the heavy taxation of capital profits which serves to prevent profit-taking. The point has already been reached when it does not pay a rich taxpayer to take his profits on the Stock Exchange. So the market regularly moves up, reacts and climbs again. On the reactions the volume of trading gradually dries up, and when the quiet day comes when brokers on the floor of the Exchange are idle enough to fool around and squirt things down the backs of messengers—as I saw them doing from the public gallery one Wednesday—it is time to buy your favourite stocks for the next advance.

* * *

Let me explain what sort of external event will call a halt to the advance and bring about a major reaction. I have mentioned two, and the one which excited most discussion when I was in New York was the question of liquidation from Europe. Mr. Joseph Kennedy, the former chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, who was recently in London, gave an interview to the press after making his report to President Roosevelt. He said that trading in American shares on the London Stock Exchange was between 15 per cent. and 25 per cent. of the volume on the New York Stock Exchange. These estimates give, I think, an exaggerated idea of the London participation in Wall Street. First, they referred to two-million-share days, not to the four-million share days which have recently marked the participation of the great American public. Secondly, they covered Continental dealings executed through London (on London net terms) to avoid American taxation. Thirdly, they included the arbitrage business between Wall Street brokers and Throgmorton Street jobbers (on over-night news likely to affect the stock markets the arbitrage dealers in Wall Street will be found at their desks at 4 o'clock in the morning trading with London). Fourthly, they embraced American dealings through London designed to avoid the American capital tax. (Undoubtedly tax-dodging is increasing rapidly and London brokers may soon be receiving complicated forms from the American Treasury.) London participation in Wall Street is not therefore so large as Mr. Kennedy's figures indicate, but liquidation from Europe is nevertheless a market factor to be recognised. It will come either from the conviction that American equities have been carried to unreasonably high levels (this point, generally speaking, has not yet been reached, but there are important exceptions) or from the devaluation of the European gold bloc which might lead to an equity share boom on the Continental exchanges and a withdrawal of foreign funds from New York. On the whole, Wall Street need not fear European liquidation as long as it provides superior "equity" prospects at a fair price. This price must depend upon a reasonable valuation of prospective earnings. As soon as it begins to include a premium for "inflation hedging," which many operators in Wall Street are solemnly prepared to pay, it will cease to be attractive to the foreign investor. Wall Street sane is Wall Street safe, but Wall Street going inflation-mad, which is quite a possibility, is something to be feared. The Italian crisis might bring about European liquidation at any time, and prove more important than the devaluation of the gold bloc. Heavy liquidation from Europe will provoke profit-taking and short-selling on Wall Street.

* * *

The other external event is Washington. In a cable last week I referred to the implications of the fight between President Roosevelt and the utility company executives. The feeling between the two is the bitterest thing in American business. I was fearful of the consequences if the President were defeated and forced to fight on constitutional reform instead of recovery. Before I left New York, however, it was considered probable that the application by the holdings companies for an injunction to restrain the S.E. Commission from applying the Act would be shelved for months and not decided by the Supreme Court even before the Presidential election. If this is true there just remains Congress. Happily, the Democrats will be obliged to fight on a constructive or recovery "ticket." Even the radicals, to begin with, will pretend to be conservative. The Republicans will focus their attacks on the New Deal, and the New Deal will be justified by the Democrats on what it has done for recovery. The Government will seek to avoid any action calculated to destroy the idea that recovery has followed on the New Deal. Moreover, President Roosevelt will endeavour to cut down his extraordinary expenditures. He has realised by this time that Government spending is not always stimulating—that it may even have a deflationary effect if it frightens private enterprise off its normal expenditures. A reduction in the Budget will therefore be put forward to safeguard the return of business confidence and calm the nerves of the holders of Government bonds. All this is "swell" for Wall Street. What will happen when the political dog-fight has been in full swing for a few months no one can guess, but I feel sure that Congress will open quietly enough not to disturb the stock markets. Indeed, even the "cinched cats" may begin to purr.

* * *

But politics apart, business next year must begin to pay for social security. How will this affect prices and profits? The cost of old age pensions, beginning in 1937, is to be borne by employers and employed equally, the charge for each rising from 1 per cent. of the wage or salary to 3 per cent. For unemployment insurance the cost to the employers will start with 1 per cent. of wages in 1936 and rise to a maximum of 3.3 per cent. by 1938. In about two years' time American corporations will therefore find 6.3 per cent. added to their wage bill to pay for social security. In theory this charge should be passed on to the consumer, but in practice the exigencies of competition may to some extent prevent a rise in consumer prices, or the corporations may seek to offset the charge by cutting down staff, or reducing wages, or introducing labour-saving machinery. It is impossible to determine the psychological reactions in the business world, but, falling on the top of Federal and State income taxation, which is already heavy, the social security charge may upset private enterprise or disturb the relations between employers and labour. Who can tell? No one can forecast the business prospects of America solely on economic lines. The economic outlook is distinctly favourable. The recovery began in consumers' goods, thanks to the spending policy of the Federal Government and the restoration of the farmers' purchasing power, and from consumers' goods it has broadened this year into a recovery in consumers' durable goods, such as automobiles and household equipment. It is just beginning to enter the capital goods phase, partly because manufacturing plant is in urgent need of reconditioning, partly because residential housing is beginning to revive. The capital goods indices have already turned upward—witness in particular the index for the output of machine tools and the figures of housing contracts. The hopeless financial condition of the railways and the political fight of the utility industry should not in themselves prevent the recovery in the capital goods industries for the American trade recovery has got into its cyclical swing. Moreover the monetary basis to support an enormous expansion of trade is lying at hand. But let us not forget that politics and business psychology are as important as economics and money, seeing that every American capitalist hates and distrusts the President and his administration. The United States, politically and psychologically, is an incalculable country.

* * *

Next week I will hazard some recommendations for investment in the American market.

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LYRIC. Tovarich. Wed., Thurs.
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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE GUILDHOUSE, Eccleston Square, S.W.1. Dec. 5, 8.15 p.m. "THE PEACE WE WANT." Speaker: MR. W. ARNOLD FORSTER. DR. A. MAUDE ROYDEN in the Chair. Admission free. League of Nations Union, Fellowship Branch, Entrance 12 Berwick Street, S.W.1.

LESSONS FROM RUSSIA.

Wednesday, December 4th, 7.30 p.m. at 94, Petty France, Westminster, nearest station St. James's Park. Address by Dr. S. VERE PEARSON, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.P., on his recent visit to Russia, studying conditions with special regard to the land question and as an adherent of the Henry George solution of social problems. Questions. Admission free. Collection towards expenses.
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CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, December 1st at 11 a.m.: S. K. RATCLIFFE: "MARK TWAIN (CENTENARY), ARTIST AND HUMANIST," 6.30 p.m. Concert Chamber Music.
Tuesday, December 3rd at 7 p.m.: J. H. BADLEY: "THE SEX EDUCATION OF CHILDREN." Admission Free. Visitors welcome.

GUILDHOUSE, Eccleston Square, S.W.1. Sunday, December 1st, at 4. International Tea Party: "THE BALTIC STATES." At 6.30, DR. MAUDE ROYDEN: "HAVING LOST OUR WAY."

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater. Sunday, December 1st at 11, Mr. GERALD HEARD: "THE BASIS OF ETHICS." 6.30. Dr. C. W. SALEEBY: "FACTS AND FALLACIES OF RELIGION AND RACE."

SEXOLOGICAL GROUP.

The above group will hold a meeting at Transport Hall, Smith Square, Westminster, on Tuesday, December 3rd, 1935, at 8 p.m., when MRS. JANET CHANCE, will speak "ON BEING ONE'S SEXUAL SELF." Chairman: Mr. Norman Hair, Ch.M., M.B. Members of the Group will be admitted free. To other persons a charge of one shilling will be made for admission. Tickets may be obtained at the Hall. Please send stamped addressed envelope for reply with all communications, to 127 Harley St., W.1.

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